Saturday Night

December 5, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The air of Canada must have a mysterious ingredient that somehow paralyzes the faith which members of the Federal Cabinet profess to hold in the doctrine of free enterprise. The faith is reaffirmed in fervid terms every month or so by one or another of the Ministers, but it seems to flop and flounder like a beached fish when exposed to air.

The Government's reluctance to let enterprising broadcasters use the air in competition with a state-owned monopoly has become notorious. Now it appears that this diffidence about freeing the air applies to transport as well as to entertainment. Earlier this month the Government turned down an application by Canadian Pacific Air Lines for a licence to carry freight between Montreal and Vancouver, on the ground that it would not be "in the public interest" to permit CPA to compete with Trans-Canada Air Lines. Thus protection was given another state monopoly in the air.

The Government decided that "competition in transcontinental air cargo services in Canada at the present time would not be apt to achieve greater efficiency, lower costs and charges, and

Donald McKague

MARY LAURA WOOD: The best work is done at home (Page 4)

Jozo Weider (center), ski instructor and director of the well-known Blue Mountain Winter Resort, Collingwood, Ont., wearing 'Viyella' MacPherson Tartan Sport Shirt. Other garments are plain blue 'Viyella' and 'Viyella' Beatrice Dress Tartan Sport Shirts.

There's nothing to equal

'Viyella'

WASH AS WOOL—IF IT SHRINKS, WE REPLACE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

better service, but rather over-expansion of expensive facilities with division of the market amongst competing carriers leading to a heavier burden on carriers, shippers, and taxpayers alike."

There is a pretty general opinion—expressed by C. H. Dickins, President of the Air Industries and Transport Association, by Chambers of Commerce and various business organizations, among others—that there is enough air-freight business to be shared and that healthy competition would stimulate it. Indeed, the Air Transport Board tacitly agreed that there was more business to be had when, just about the time that the Government rejected CPA's application, it announced it would recommend a reduction of 30 to 35 per cent in TCA's air cargo rates, bringing them down to "about or below the level proposed by the Canadian Pacific Air Lines."

The Government, however, disagrees. It is fearful that "over-expansion" and "division of the market" will place "a heavier burden on carriers, shippers, and taxpayers alike." The history of commerce shows that it is monopoly, not competition, that brings about costlier service; if it were not so, there would be no justification for legislation against combines and monopolies in private business. The Government's concern for carriers, shippers and taxpayers is touching but not convincing; it smacks too strongly of the fear that the state enterprise could not compete with the private enterprise.

A Way to Relax

POSSIBLY as a hint that we were becoming unduly snappish, we were presented last week with a collection of recipes for cooking up a mess of quiet nerves and personal peace. All went well until we came to this: "First, collapse physically. Let go every muscle in the body. Form a mental picture of a huge burlap bag of potatoes. Then mentally cut the bag, allowing the potatoes to roll out. Think of yourself as the bag. What is more relaxed than a burlap bag?" Well, we can't answer that question. Whenever we get as far as cutting that damned bag nothing but rutabagas rolls out.

Busy Composer

THE NATIONAL Ballet Company, with another annual tour under way, has an interesting addition to its repertoire, a ballet based on the play *Dark of the Moon*. The music for it was composed by Louis Applebaum, and we went around to Mr. Applebaum's home in Toronto to talk about it.

"The music for the ballet was originally commissioned last year," he said. "But with all the work to be done at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival—we had concerts every day there—I didn't manage to start on it until a month or two ago. After that I had to work hard. In these days a composer can't allow himself the luxury of waiting for inspiration — there are deadlines to be met and orchestras waiting and things have to be written on time. Once started, however, the music seemed to come along quite well. The story is a kind of a folk legend about a bewitched boy who falls in love with Barbara Allen, and at various stages you can faintly discern parts of that lovely old song."

He put away a poster he had been studying — an announcement of the first concert of the season by the Canadian League of Composers, which he helped to found and now serves as vice-president.

"At the moment, I'm busy with the score for the film of the Stratford Festival," he said. "The music for that takes about 16 or 17 minutes to play. The ballet music takes about 42 minutes." He is an old hand at fitting music to film, and one of his present jobs is the musical direction of a series of short films being made by a Toronto company, Telepix Movies Limited, which will feature Canadian and American concert artists under contract to Columbia Artists Corporation.

"I always wanted to write music," he said. "After winning a contest when I was 17, I studied here in Toronto—I was born here 35 years ago—and then in New York. I married secretly when I was down there and for quite a while we were worried to death our parents would find out. I was living in New York and Jan was up here. It wasn't much fun, but eventually we told the folks and they took it quite well. I worked with John Grierson, the documentary producer, in New York, and returned to Canada in 1942 as a composer for the National Film Board. I became interested in strange sounds, went to Hollywood and worked on such films as *The Story of G. I. Joe* and *Tomorrow the World*. I've freelanced since I left the Film Board in 1946, but I'm still musical consultant for the Board and have to be in Ottawa quite a lot. My interest in sounds paid off when I went to England to compose music for one of the stereoscopic films produced for the Festival of Britain. I'm pretty sure I'm the first composer ever to write special music for that extra dimension. It was murder; you have to watch directional counterpoint from three sides of the room at once.

"The study of noises is still quite a hobby with me. One of the fellows I've been working with, Ken Kendall, is an electronics man, and he's dreamed up what he calls a Composertron, which theoretically will be able to reproduce any sound at all."

Malak

LOUIS APPLEBAUM: Deadlines must be met.

A Drive Against Sin

SIN IS having a rough time in Ontario these days. There isn't any less of it, of course, but it is being given some pretty nasty whacks by people who are against it. The Province's Liquor Control Board, for example, has been cracking down on tavern keepers who are wicked enough to let their patrons have two glasses of beer in front of them at the one time. And just the other day, W. J. Grummett, a member of the Legislature, suggested that the time had come for adultery to be made a legal as well as a moral crime in Ontario. Indeed, since the legislative committee which heard Mr. Grummett's proposal was discussing the problem of illegitimate children, it is possible that he was ready to include not just adultery but fornication in general in his prohibition. We can applaud Mr. Grummett's desire to keep sex respectable, but not his method. For various reasons, all of them amply demonstrated in the years since the first man took a good look at the first woman, it just won't work. Incidentally, the rate of illegitimacy in Ontario dropped from 52 in every 1000 live births in 1939 to 40 in 1950, which at least indicates that people are getting more careful, if not more restrained.

Death of a Poet

WE ARE NOT accustomed to writing obituary tributes; there are few men whose deaths can cause any honest mourning outside their families. And that is why the words come hard and rough-edged when we try to say something about the passing of Dylan Thomas, who died in New York early last month; he quit this life suddenly, at the age of 39 and in a strange land, and the news of his death came with the shock of a physical blow.

When statesmen die, there are others to haggle over the affairs of nations; when men of science die, there are others to ferret out the hidden formulae and equations; when merchant princes die, there are others just as crafty to do the buying and selling. But when a poet dies, who is there to sing the songs he would have sung?

The world was robbed when Dylan Thomas died, robbed of a voice that was only approaching its full richness, of a mind that teemed with visions of beauty still unrevealed, of a man who used words with joy and imagination and who would have been a poet in any age or land because of the things he had to say.

The Hunters

THERE HAS been a drab, disappointing lack of originality in the explanations of most of this season's hunting accidents — friends mistaken for deer, triggers catching in twigs, and that sort of thing. The most interesting report of a sorry bunch this year tells of the man who climbed a tree to be safe from the battle below and got shot by another hunter who mistook him for a bear. Then there were the two marksmen in Northern Ontario who blasted away when each thought the other was a squirrel—possibly the only reasonable tale of the lot.

An Abused Privilege

THERE IS NO good reason why the privilege of free mailing now enjoyed by Members of Parliament should be continued. There was an excuse for it in the days when postage was expensive, communications bad and Members found it difficult to keep in touch with their constituents when Parliament was in session. Those conditions no longer exist. Instead, the privilege, which permits MPs and Senators to post "letters and other mailable matter" without charge during and for 10 days before and after a session, has become a burden on the Post Office and a means for poli-

The Front Page

ticians to glorify themselves and their pet projects at public expense.

What was done the other day by the secretary of John Blackmore, Social Credit MP for the Lethbridge riding, is only one instance of a practice that is common with many members of all parties. The secretary sent out a covering letter with a copy of an American magazine which carried an article praising Senator Joseph McCarthy and advertisements for two books that have been described as being anti-Semitic as well as anti-Communist. One of the persons to whom this was sent was the editor of the Calgary *Herald*, well outside Mr. Blackmore's constituency, and he, very rightly, demanded an investigation.

Newspapermen the country over can testify to the amount of rubbish sent out under the franking privilege by many a Member at Ottawa. It is time it was stopped.

Jerseys and Holsteins

AT THE ROYAL Winter Fair two farmers were overheard discussing the merits of various breeds of dairy cattle. "There's nothing like a Jersey," one said. "She's got looks, a good figure, a sweet disposition and the finest milk in the world. Look at those Holsteins of yours, big stupid lumps of black and white, then look at those Jerseys of mine. No comparison." The Holstein man stared at him with loathing. "I've got one answer for you," he said. "It isn't new, because I heard it first in Woodstock years ago: a Jersey's too small for a cow and too big for a goat." With that, he turned away so sharply he almost impaled himself on the horn of a ruminating Ayrshire.

Return of a Native

IF A PLAY as silly as *Duet for Two Hands* is to provide an entertaining evening at the theatre, it must be produced, directed and acted with imagination and skill, and that is what happened in the New Play Society's production of *Duet* at Toronto's Museum Theatre the last couple of weeks. After one of the performances, we talked to Mary Laura Wood, who was making her first appearance as a leading lady on a Canadian stage after a seven-year sojourn in England.

"I started my career with a four-year drama course at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh," Miss Wood, who is a 29-year-old native of Sackville, New Brunswick, said. "I finished up there with a rather strange degree called Bachelor of Fine Arts. I took off for England almost immediately after, in 1946, and was lucky enough to get a part as the younger sister, Genevra, in a play dealing with the color question, *Deep Are the Roots*. At first I was only understudying the part but for the second half of its six-month run I played the rôle. There were quite a few plays after that, including *Death of a Salesman* and *All My Sons*." We learnt, too, that after being Vivien Leigh's understudy in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, she took over the rôle for a tour of the provinces.

"The last one I did over there was an American play, *The Troublemakers*," she said. "I had quite a meaty part—the kind I like, something you can get your teeth into. I really don't know about future plans. I've only been back here for a few weeks—part of it had been a holiday in New Brunswick. The visit was intended to be a holiday, but I must say I get quite a kick out of working in my own country at last. I think most Canadian actors who have gone abroad do not really feel at home there. Theatre is a national art, and it seems to me that even great international artists do their best work in their own lands. My husband, Ronan O'Casey, came over here with me. I met him outside a film studio in London, when we were both applying for jobs. As I remember, we got the jobs but plans for the film fell through."

Noting that Miss Wood had already made her debut in a Canadian radio play, we wondered about her attitude towards television. "It will probably give Canadians more of an appetite for legitimate theatre," she said, and suggested that it could help to bring Canadian players back from foreign stages. "Meanwhile, of course, England supports more legitimate theatre, on a population basis, than any other English-speaking country in the world, and is still the most logical choice of training ground for Canadians." We said we hoped Miss Wood would now consider her training complete and stay here, and with that pleasant thought we left.

Plenty of Advice

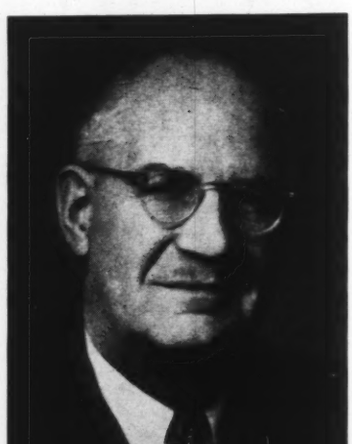
IGOR GOUZENKO was quoted by the Chicago *Tribune* as saying: "I believe I can give advice which, if properly put into effect, would have good chances of bringing the exposure of present Soviet spy rings in the U.S. in comparatively short time." There doesn't seem to be any reason why such advice should be confidential or saved for the sacred presence of the un-American Activities Committee. Since Gouzenko now seems to be so readily accessible to newspapermen, he could speak freely and be assured of a sizable audience. In any case, it will be interesting to see if the Republican Administration is planning to listen to everyone who has some advice on how to expose spy rings in the U.S.

Safety Measures

AT AN INFORMAL ceremony in the Scarborough area of Metropolitan Toronto the other day, the first sod was turned on a site to be occupied by the Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada. Curious about the functions of this organization, we made an appointment to meet its president, Llewellyn Lewis. We met him in the Toronto office of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, which he heads in Canada as resident vice-president.

"Broadly speaking," Mr. Lewis said, "the Laboratories are sponsored and financed by 166 insurance companies across the Dominion, and exist to test fire equipment, automobiles, safety devices and almost everything of that nature. Usually prototypes are tested and a standard laid down, so that firms who comply with our safety standards and recommendations might find themselves with lower rates. It doesn't necessarily follow that the rates will be lower, though, because we feel that Canada still has a way to go in the matter of safety measures. Loss from fire in this country is scandalous, and although insurance rates generally have dropped maybe as much as ten per cent over the past five years, they could drop a good deal further if something could be done to cut down the losses."

He shook his head sombrely. "If people only appreciated the simple fact that we want to safeguard their property not only for their own sake but for our own," he said. "Naturally we don't like to have to pay out and naturally we're anxious to prevent as many accidents as possible. That was true in the days when we organized our own fire-fighting units to put out



LLEWELLYN LEWIS

our clients' fires, and it's true today. There's been a tremendous growth in the fire hazard, however. Take a new industry like plastics—some of those things they play around with, nitrocellulose and so on, can cause havoc if anything goes wrong. It will be the same with atomic energy plants. But for every hazard there is a safety measure, and that's what the highly-trained staff of our Laboratories is there for."

We asked him about himself. "I'm 59 now," he said, "and I've been in the insurance business for 35 years. I was born in Winnipeg, worked in a bank for a while and shifted around Manitoba in banking until I reached the town of Russell. I had an offer to go into insurance there, and I couldn't resist it. I came to Toronto 13 years ago and live in the north of the city. I've got four children, two of them boys, but only one has gone into the insurance business. I like to play a little golf and I paint when I have time for it. I do some gardening too—how can you avoid it?—but I do it out of necessity and not because I like it. I became President of the Laboratories last February. And that's about all there is to tell."

Wasted Time

A GREAT deal of Parliament's time could be saved for discussion of more important things if Members were not permitted to talk about almost any subject that occurs to them during the so-called debate on the Throne Speech. A new high in irrelevancy was reached during the present session when George S. White, Conservative MP for Hastings-Peterborough, took the opportunity given him by this weird debate to get a peeve against a car manufacturer off his chest. If Parliament is to become a forum for personal complaints not even remotely related to the affairs of Government, we could save a tidy sum by keeping the Members at home and supplying them with the materials for writing stiff letters to the editor of Hansard.

A Filling of Health

SOME DAY we hope to meet the wise and witty person who produces the "Press Fillers" sent out by the Information Services Division of the Department of National Health and Welfare to the editors of newspapers and magazines. December's batch of Fillers has arrived, and we are happy to report that it is well up to the usual standard.

The Fillers consist mainly of advice on how to stay alive and in reasonably good health, which is given in a frank, man-to-man way—"If your work entails handling or being near machinery, take advantage of all the safety devices for your protection." Sometimes the writer is content to make a blunt statement, letting the chips fall where they may: "Dental cavities develop very rapidly if not checked and filled when they first appear." Sometimes a new and startling thought is embedded in a fine bit of understatement: "If a youngster dislikes his medicine, it helps if it is given to him when he is busy at play. If a little jam or other pleasant treat will disguise the taste, it is a good idea to add it." And sometimes there is irony, its shrewdness barely concealed: "Skiing brings a regular winter crop of broken bones, caused by accidents which are often unavoidable; the beginner who tries hills and jumps beyond his training and experience is asking for trouble—and frequently meets it."

There seems to be no limit on clinical subject-matter, and, restricted only by his concern for the nation's health, the writer is given plenty of platitude.

The Meeting Place

A FRIEND of ours who recently visited Ireland swears he saw this notice in a railway station there: "When trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, drivers and guards will bring their respective trains to a dead halt before meeting and will not proceed until each train has passed the other."

Letters

Titles for Canadians

so SATURDAY NIGHT has a reader (Nov. 21) who would like to see the Government lift its ban on titles for Canadians! Perhaps, he would like a genuflecting peasantry, too. The whole thing makes for an embarrassing smile.

Titles (my grandfather had one!) no more than clothes make the man. People, on balance, are looked up to because of specific qualities and achievements rather than titular tassels.

But, in this so-called "age of the common man", we certainly have a need of uncommonly good ones and I'll agree with Mr. James Harding that when they arise among us there is every reason why a grateful nation should symbolize its thanks in a tangible way. We have a readily available means, too.

Just about the time when the last war ended, the late King approved a specific Canada award. This award carried no title, but provided a welcome means whereby the Sovereign on the advice of his Canadian Ministers, might recognize unique services to this country. Some unpublished circumstances intervened, however, and no Canadian honors of this kind have been given. I find this sad, silly—and oh! *so* political!

Couldn't we find a point of meeting, Mr. Harding? Why not a revival of the Canada awards concept, through a non-partisan committee, charged with the responsibility for a strictly limited number of annual recommendations? Why not also an accompanying monetary gift rather in the manner of the Nobel Prize? The truly great among us are frequently far from wealthy.

Obviously, the Queen would delight to honor her uncommon Canadian subjects and a proposal of this sort is surely closer to the temper of Canada today than a system of titular awards which, however useful they may have once been, belong to a long dead European past.

Winnipeg EDWARD RICHMOND

. . . AN EXCELLENT idea to restore an aristocracy to Canada. To soothe the feelings of ultra-nationalists, it might be wise not to use present British titles but to devise new titles which would be strictly Canadian. And to soothe the proletariat, the titles could be terms now commonly in use, e.g. Boss, Chief, Veep. Thus Joe Blow might be Boss of Toronto, Joe Doakes Chief of Montreal, John Smith Veep of Victoria . . .

North Bay, Ont. COLIN FERGUSON

Bill of Rights

IF DR. ANGUS had wanted to do irreparable harm to the possibility of the passing of a Federal Bill of Rights in Canada, he could have done no better than write the article which appeared in your last issue.

Dr. Angus has merely succeeded in beclouding the issue with a multitude of irrelevant details. The issue at stake is, in my opinion, clear cut in that the following facts are incontestable:

1. Sections 56 and 90 of the BNA Act of 1867 definitely allow the Government of Canada (if it so desires) to disallow any provincial legislation; and
2. despite the fact that the Supreme Court of Canada is now the final arbiter, the Government of Canada has not yet seen fit to put through a test case in order to decide whether Section 92 (13) of the BNA Act, which covers "Property and Civil Rights," embraces those rights usually classified under the heading of Civil Liberties.

If my concern with this subject should seem to be over-emphasized, I would point out that it took over four years for the Jehovah's Witnesses to receive, through the courts, authority to distribute religious pamphlets from door to door in the Province of Quebec without a local permit; and that the Roncarelli case, a striking instance of religious persecution, was never allowed to proceed beyond the Province of Quebec by virtue of the fact that the Premier of that Province is also Attorney-General.

Belleville, Ont. A. F. HOLMES

Priceless Tradition

THERE SEEMS to be a concerted effort on the part of some of your correspondents to destroy the British traditions which are the very foundation of civil and religious liberty in Canada. The recent comment on the Governor-General's passage through the streets of Ottawa to open Parliament was a case in point . . .

Let us have no more of this kind of rubbish. The lesson of history is plain. If it were not for the glorious traditions we have inherited from Britain, with certain kinds of pageantry as their outward manifestation, this country would now be either a replica of the United States, with its investigations, its Jenners, its McCarthys and other shabby manifestations of Republicanism, or a church-ridden state steeped in cynicism and spiritually bankrupt like France and Italy . . .

Saskatoon PHILIP JOHNSTON

Polygamy

I CANNOT decide whether your correspondent, John Griffiths (For Polygamy, Nov. 7) is rash, ribald, or just gifted with a particularly fecund imagination. In any case, it seems to me that he is wasting his time writing letters to the editor; he might, with considerably more profit to himself, be writing fiction. Think of the plot combinations contained in his suggestion. I suggest that he might, as a start, elaborate the financial arrangements of the situation. There is a theme worthy of the acidulous treatment of I. Compton-Burnett. And for a second one, he might work out what would happen when Wage-earning Wife decides in the illogical but endearing way of women that she would like to have a baby. There is a subject that would delight the heart of Nancy Mitford. I pass these along to Mr. Griffiths in a spirit of disinterested benevolence. I do hope he takes up the challenge.

Montreal ELIZABETH SARDELL

THREE CHEERS that somebody not blinded by dogma has come along to take a dispassionate view of the absurd state known as monogamy. It is only by historical accident that monogamy has become part of our moral and legal code . . . I believe that if polygamy were permitted, a great many husbands would not wish for more than one wife, but there would be others, a minority probably, who would be able to have happy, successful households with two or more wives —and in these instances, undoubtedly, polygamy would mean a very sharp decline in the divorce rates . . .

Moose Jaw, Sask. A. D. STANTON

I AM SHOCKED that a reputable journal like SATURDAY NIGHT would allow a disgraceful subject like polygamy to be even mentioned . . You will find these ideas promulgated only by men, who try to justify their base appetites by giving them some sort of moral sanction . . .

Quebec City CORINNE BOUCHER

Royal Tour

I SUPPOSE for the next six months SATURDAY NIGHT will climb on the band-wagon and fill its pages with pictures and stories of the Royal Tour of the southern Dominions *ad nauseam*. We expect this of the daily papers. After all, they have to fill their columns with something and the monarchy, besides being a sop to the lower classes, must be a real boon to circulation. But surely a literate, critical journal does not need to follow suit. Yet here you are, before the tour even begins, telling us about the plans for entertaining royalty in Jamaica. Desist, I beg of you, before you publish further. Charming and handsome as the Queen and Duke are, I cannot bear to read about them and rhapsodize over them for six straight months. Do let us have one paper which ignores the whole progress.

Brandon, Man. JON PRYCHICK

The Vancouver Stadium

AFTER READING "Watch That Excavation, Jack", by Jim Coleman in your Nov. 21 issue, I, a Westerner, feel that I just cannot let him get away "whole hog" with his misleading misrepresentation of things as they really are out here, so like Young Lochinvar I come out of this neck-of-the-woods in the hope I can set the record straight . . .

Yes, we of Vancouver are building us a stadium, a mighty fine one at that, and it is costing us a lot of kale, but then we intend to get a lot of enjoyment out of it—this despite the croakings, dire predictions, etc., from the jaded boys of old Toronto, who profess to see in their crystal balls dire calamity ahead of us. You particularly refer to our "covered stands", and dub them "extravagant, designed for coddled sports", etc. Quite a mouthful boy, no fooling. Am I to take it then that back in Toronto you enjoy sitting out in your "uncovered" what-have-yous, absorbing all the glory of a Hogtown Winter? . . .

You can check very accurately the exact amount of our annual fog . . . You will find that we do not have to grope through fog all Winter long—an occasional day, at most a week in the entire Winter, covers Operation Fog; so you see, our football fans will be able to watch their games without interference.

To you of the effete East we of the less conventional West, extend again the invitation of another famous West, viz., "Come up and see us, some time". We promise to do our best to give you a good time—we do have a well-rounded out program for our tourists, everything from football, right down to tiddly-winks and dominoes for those who prefer less exertion.

North Vancouver A. ROBERTS

Canadian Reading

IF YOUR summary of the tastes of Canadian readers, as shown in the favorite selections at Canadian libraries, is correct, then it is little wonder that Canadian culture simply doesn't exist . . . What a pitiful collection of ephemeral trash! *Désirée, Gone with the Windsors, The Robe, From Here to Eternity*, and the rest of the sorry list—excepting one or two books like Dr. Neatby's *So Little for the Mind*—add up to this fact: Canadians, from a literary point of view, have only just emerged from the comic-book stage of reading . . .

Saint John HECTOR FRISBEE

Women at Ottawa

IN THE first few days of the present session of Parliament, we heard and read a good deal about the need for a better representation of women in the House of Commons and Senate. I wonder how much of this was sincere and how much humbug. My guess is that the speakers and writers were only paying lip service to the fair sex . . .

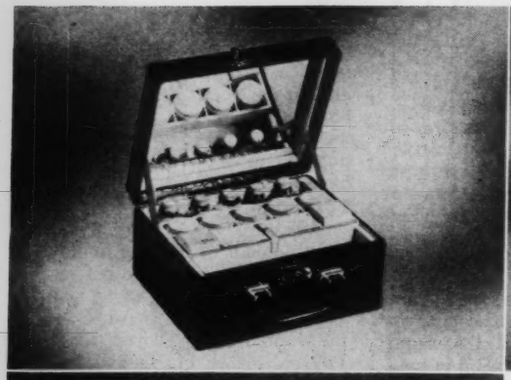
There is enough argument and senseless talk in the Commons now, without adding to it by electing more women instead of men. Besides, what has ever been accomplished by an organization of women, except the passing of stupid regulations restricting man's freedom to eat, drink and be merry according to his wishes? As one newspaper editor recently pointed out, women are great hands at setting up prohibitions, but they seldom accomplish much of anything that is constructive.

Levis, Que. JEAN-PAUL DESJARDINS

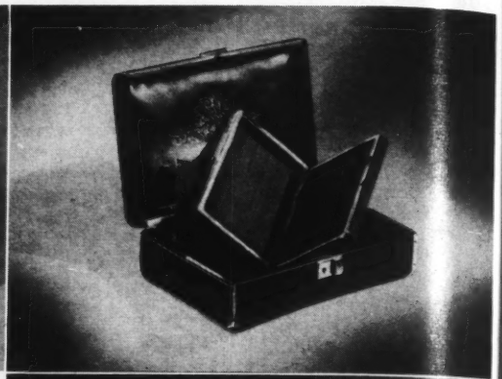
Not Unkind?

AFTER READING the letter signed J. Roscoe Normand, I no longer feel Mr. Garner had been unkind (in his assessment of personnel managers).

Fort Garry, Man. DORA MAYBANK



Brown alligator handbag, suede-lined.
each $250



Elizabeth Arden alligator-grain cow-hide travel case. each $55

Dramatic suede gloves, touched with beading. pair $35

Farrington jewel case, with folding travel-size shelf. each 15.95

Satin slippers . . . black interlined with pink. pair 8.95

Velvet "at-homer"
in glowing crimson. each 89.95

Club 391

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CLUB 391 THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING CENTRE RESERVED FOR MEN SHOPPERS ONLY

History: The Evolution Of the Unintended

By NORMAN W. DeWITT

THE PURPOSE of this writing is to suggest a simple formula for the understanding of history: History is the evolution of the unintended.

This formula applies equally well to actions that are trivial or comic and to movements of global magnitude and tragic consequence.

A neighbor of the writer was troubled by the school children cutting across his grass, so he arranged to have a barrier of iron pipes erected between the edge of the sidewalk and the wall of his house. When this had been done, the trespassers were ten times as numerous. To the little folk it seemed that those bars had been specially designed for their childish gymnastics.

The First World War provides a tragic example. Its aim was to make the world safe for democracy. Only a few years had elapsed after that war when democracy was rendered less safe than ever before.

It was no different with the Second World War, which was to be the war to end wars. Since its end there has been no cessation even of wars of the fighting kind; the area of conflict has been extended to Asia. In addition we have the cold war with its new devices of penetration and detrition.

Leaving these tragic topics to the professional historians we may better understand our formula if we cast a glance at our old friends the bees. In a single hive there are thousands of bees performing diverse tasks but the outcome of their joint labors is absolutely predetermined. In human society there are millions or even billions of workers but the final outcome of their joint activities is never predetermined.

In Paris the weavers of the Gobelin tapestries are posted behind a gigantic upright loom. They do not see the pattern that takes shape on the opposite side but the design has been determined in advance of the labor. In weaving the fabric of history, on the contrary, the human workers not only do not see the pattern, but there is no predetermined design. Only long after the workers have passed from the scene will the pattern become manifest to studious historians.

After passing this sententious judgment it may be well to turn our attention to things closer to home and less abstract. First, however, it may help us on our way to add a rider to our formula. Not only is history the evolution of the unintended; regularly it is the unintended outcome of things with which governments are compelled to grapple. Events come first; corrective measures follow.

An obvious example of the unintended is the traffic jam. No one wants it, much less plans it. All those involved in it are free agents. No one is under compulsion to drive along a certain street at a certain time but hundreds will do so. Hence the traffic jam. As for the police, only after the jams have occurred do they take measures to untangle them or prevent them.

The same formula applies to the dismaying problems arising from the sudden expansion of large cities like Toronto at the present time. No one planned or intended this expansion. Suddenly it confronts the administration as an accomplished fact, which must be dealt with because it has taken place.

Older citizens of Toronto can recall a number of synthetic booms, from the hopeful days of the ill-fated Belt Line Railway onward. A few made money out of them but others were saddled for life with dead real estate. Every one of those booms was planned and intended but every one was a fiasco. The present expansion, on the contrary, even if the joint product of free agents, was neither planned nor even anticipated. It has been the unpredetermined outcome of sundry economic changes moving under their own driving momentum.

Paradoxically, it is this unplanned expansion that forces the planned remedies. Government is the administration of the unintended, at least in free countries.

The same formula that applies to the phenomenal expansion of cities such as Toronto applies also to the changes now going on over the whole continent and over other continents with local variations. Continental and even global patterns are emerging that have not been foreseen unless dimly, much less intended.

We shall perhaps gain a little more insight into this dismaying phenomenon if once we realize that the spearhead of change in our time lies with technology, using this word as a collective term for multifarious scientific and industrial movements. We must next discern that, because technology is in the van, all other departments are relegated to the rear, notably government, education and religion.

Religion hardly falls within our topic but in passing it may be said that all religions must labor under the handicap of claiming to possess eternal truth in a world that is rapidly being swept toward an open-end conception of truth, with a finite accumulation of certainty on hand and an open mind toward an infinity of the unknown ahead.

It is hard for us to slough off the past and its illusions. We carry the past along with us, like snails carrying their own shells. Among our fondest illusions has been the mirage of finality. Twenty-two centuries ago the otherwise sagacious Aristotle expressed the belief that human knowledge was arriving at finality. This complacent view has been hard to down. The wise men of the nineteenth century were self-confident and self-satisfied to the point of cockiness, puffed up with pride over the poky steamboat, the crawling railroad train and the clicking telegraph.

As a matter of cold fact, during those proud decades of the nineteenth century the thing we call progress was merely gaining a slow acceleration for the greater speeds of the present day. Because of their very cumbersomeness, the railroads with their tracks and ties and the telegraph and telephone with their myriads of poles were slow in traversing the continents. They were all part and parcel of a civilization that was pedestrian, bound to the ground.

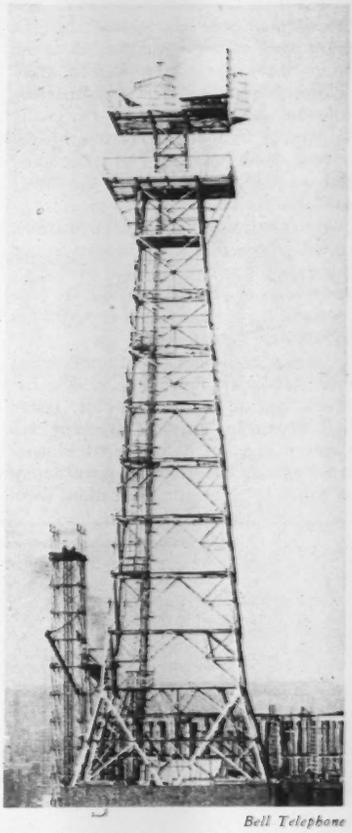
It is readily granted, of course, that the wise men were amply justified in congratulating themselves over the superiority of steam to sail, of the railway to the stage coach and the telegraph to the swiftest courier; but while busy congratulating themselves the same wise men could not see that ground travel would soon have to compete with air travel, ground communication with air communication, and even ground entertainment with atmospheric entertainment, radio and television.

THERE WAS an ancient philosopher who held to the view that civilization represents Nature at work, expressing herself in events. If we accept this view, we are bound to observe that Nature delights in surprises, in other words, in the evolution of the unintended.

By way of preparing her surprises Nature chooses to work by indirection. In order to make a butterfly she first makes a caterpillar. The caterpillar, however, is never aware of its destiny to become a butterfly.

One of the most elaborate surprises ever prepared by Nature was the evolution of the motor car. To this end she made an absolutely fresh start, or rather four fresh starts. All of these occurred at the same time, though widely separated. They were the vulcanization of rubber, the invention of the internal combustion engine, the development of the petroleum industries, and the discovery of Portland cement.

All of these represent the caterpillar stage of things. The rubber industry began with Charles Goodyear, but his vision did not extend beyond the era of rubber coats, women's corsets and babies' nursing nipples. He passed to his reward even before hard rubber under wheels gave way to the pneumatic tire and our streets became filled with bicycles. Yet it was the bicycle and its tire that eased the transition to the motor car. The rough jolting of experience quickly taught that even the dizzy speed of fifteen miles per hour was incompatible with hard rubber.



Bell Telephone

FROM telegraph to micro-wave transmission. "The wise men could not see."

The other enterprising industrialists were no more far-sighted than Goodyear. At the risk of being too paradoxical we may even suggest that the human race crosses the frontier of the future by backing into it, in reverse gear, as it were. It was the dream of the cement people to make an "artificial stone," more easily molded into desired shapes than the native article could be chiselled. The objective of the petroleum people was to replace more and more candles by coal-oil lamps, gasoline being an embarrassing by-product. To the credit of the nameless technicians who developed the gas engine it may be said that their objective was in part to find a use for liquid fuels.

The sudden marriage of the gas engine to the buggy is not yet ancient history and the elimination of the more elementary bugs was accomplished with rather startling speed. Yet the first manufacturers of cars were animated by the usual enterprising hindsight; they believed themselves to be creating a luxury article for what was then the carriage trade. It fell to the lot of the illustrious Henry Ford to envisage a future for the cheap family car.

When once the initial sales resistance had been broken down, it may even be said that the cars promoted themselves. For many years the demand so far exceeded the supply that technical improvements were actually retarded.

As for the motorized truck and the motorized bus, their future was even less foreseen than that of the car. Still less was it foreseen that in undevelop-

ed countries the motor bus was to take precedence over the motor car. In those parts of the world the bus is the poor man's car. It is also a great civilizer; feuding Arabs, for instance, who in the desert would be gladly sniping at one another from behind a rock, will happily and peacefully ride in the same seats on the dusty road to Mecca.

Here at home it was the irresistible spread of the motor traffic that forced the expenditure of billions of dollars upon hard roads and revealed the true usefulness of cement. Progress is sometimes forced upon us.

Within the memory of millions of men still living, the motor vehicle has revolutionized war and peace, crime and courtship. In this sweeping advance it deposits its inescapable problems on the doorsteps of government at every level of administration, from the village up through the towns and cities to the national capitals.

This multiple revolution is the outcome of the unrestricted actions of free individuals, all with their separate objectives, but in the aggregate this outcome is not the mere sum of the individual objectives. Two and two cease to make four in this realm of thought. The free individual is swept along by the momentum of the total event, of which he is a part without being capable of foreseeing it, much less controlling it.

As nations we pass involuntarily from one frontier of experience to another and no last frontier of human experience exists.

Leaving these larger problems to the historians, who will eventually get around to them, let us take a last look at the individual.

Even to his experience there is no last frontier. Who would have dreamed, for instance, that one of the most momentous discoveries of our time would be the affinity of the human posterior for the seat of an automobile?

Who could have foreseen the unique supremacy of the automobile as an article of prestige, a symbol of social standing, completely eclipsing in its prestige value the sheen of furs and diamonds?

Apart from sex, the great urges of life are for wealth, fame and power. Neither wealth nor fame can fall to the lot of many but the seat of the automobile brings the enjoyment of power within the reach of all. Unfortunately even the dimwit behind the wheel of the jalopy feels the satisfaction of this primal desire. As for the blaring horn, it takes the place of the trumpet, which of old announced the approach of royalty.

By single inventions we can make a breach in the frontier of thought, but beyond this lies the frontier of experience concealing the consequences of our inventions, the shape of things to come. When at length this shape reveals itself, it proves to be a mockery of our intentions. History is the evolution of the unintended, government the administration of the unforeseen.

●

. . . The reader does not want to be made to *feel;* that is why he does not want fiction: he wants information and criticism, and the information and criticism, and the above the creator. Surely this is a sign of an intellectually sick age? No wonder Connolly whimpers. — *Saturday Night.*

Whimpering? We're screaming.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

STATEMENT AS AT 31ST OCTOBER, 1953

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from Banks and Bankers		$ 229,668,364
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		100,252,926
Government and other Public Securities	Not exceeding market value	626,746,833
Other Bonds and Stocks	Not exceeding market value	65,366,132
Call and Short Loans (Security held of sufficient marketable value to cover)		51,586,583
Total Quick Assets		$ 1,073,620,838
Loans and Discounts (After full provision for bad and doubtful debts)		768,740,595
Acceptances and Letters of Credit for Customers (See contra)		40,191,455
Bank Premises		17,938,641
Other Assets		11,324,215
Total Assets		$1,911,815,744

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	$ 16,467
Deposits	1,798,447,204
Acceptances and Letters of Credit (See contra)	40,191,455
Other Liabilities	3,396,085
Total Liabilities to the Public	$1,842,051,211
Capital Paid Up	30,000,000
Reserve Fund	38,000,000
Dividends declared and unpaid	921,235
Balance of Profit as per Profit and Loss Account	843,298
Total Liabilities	$1,911,815,744

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
Year Ended 31st October, 1953

Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1953, before Dominion Government taxes but after appropriations to Contingent Reserves, out of which full provision has been made for bad and doubtful debts		$12,514,210
Less:		
Provision for Dominion Government taxes	$5,558,000	
Depreciation on Bank Premises	1,166,968	6,724,968
Net Profits after the foregoing deductions		$ 5,789,242
Dividends		3,600,000
Amount carried forward		$ 2,189,242
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1952		1,654,056
		$ 3,843,298
Transferred to Reserve Fund		3,000,000
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1953		$ 843,298

JAMES STEWART, *PRESIDENT*

N. J. McKINNON, *GENERAL MANAGER*

Television

The Children's Hour

DURING THE PAST month two friends of mine, both professional writers and intelligent men, have said to me, "I'm not thinking of buying a TV set; the programs aren't the kind I want my children to see, and anyway, I think that television is a bad thing for children." The same cry has been echoing up and down North America for the past five years, and has been given an air of righteous authenticity by being parroted by swarms of amateur sociologists, self-styled progressive parents, and the type of alarmists who used to worry unduly about pre-war pacifists and post-war teen-agers. Fear begets fear, and there must be thousands of parents throughout Canada who are holding off buying a TV set because they have absorbed some of the fear of television disseminated by its detractors. Has this "Save The Children" campaign been warranted? In my opinion, it hasn't.

Parental fears about the influence of television on their children are, in point of importance, that TV programs are too violent, too sensational, too stimulating, and include too many Westerns. A negative fear is that television is so attractive to children that the youngsters neglect their homework, reading, and outdoor exercise in favor of lolling on the living-room rug watching The Lone Ranger, Uncle Chichimus, Superman, Howdy Doody, and Super Circus. Let us look at the alternatives.

It has been found that the heaviest viewing of TV by children is in the age group of five to six years, and that these children watch television on an average of four hours a day. If the parents are worried about what their children should see, these four hours can be allocated to children's programs. On the two stations available on my set, CBLT Toronto and WBEN-TV Buffalo, these children's programs run something like this on an average weekday:

10.00 a.m., Ding Dong School from Buffalo; 5.00 p.m., a choice between Fun to Learn, an art course for youngsters from the American networks and Let's Make Music, conducted by David Ouchterlony of The Royal Conservatory Of Music on the CBC. At 5.30 there is Howdy Doody from the States, and at 6.00 a choice between Sagebrush Trail from Buffalo and Ramar of the Jungle on CBLT. At 6.45 on CBLT is the puppet show, Uncle Chichimus, and at 7.00 a half-hour with Superman from the American station. At 7.30, from Buffalo, is a fifteen-minute program called Outdoor Camera, which shows nature movies that are both interesting and educational, not only for children, but for everyone. This just about winds up the children's programs on the day in question, with the exception of Movie Matinee from 2.30 to 4.30 on CBLT, which inevitably contains one or more Western pictures.

With the exception of the Western program, there is nothing too violent, too sensational, or even too stimulating about the average children's television fare. The only violent scenes in the Westerns are the fist-fights, in which the antagonists suffer no more than ruffled hair, and the murders by gunfire. If the parents are against shooting as a means of homicide, they can always turn the set off and read the children such wholesome stories as Jack the Giant Killer or Little Red Riding Hood, in which death is visited on the characters by means of decapitation or by being eaten by a wolf.

Most of the parents who complain about the bad influence of TV on their children are those who do not own sets, but have themselves been influenced by hearsay evidence, and those who allow their children to stay up long after their normal bedtimes to watch crime programs and adult dramas. These usually do not begin until 8.00 p.m., and if the children toss in nightmares while being pursued by Sergeant Friday from Dragnet, Boston Blackie or Rod Cameron, City Detective, the fault lies with the parents, not the television networks. If "progressive" parenthood means the inability to control children and send them to bed at bedtime, the progressive parents deserve everything they get.

Lately, there has been a great hullabaloo about comic books, movies and TV programs, and their adverse effect upon children, as if morality was a word invented the day before yesterday. This was brought to me last evening when I arrived home to find my children watching a Western movie starring, of all people, Hoot Gibson. It took me back thirty years to a time when I and the other kids on our street used to rush out of the neighborhood movie house shooting imaginary six-guns at each other and shouting, "I'm Art Acord," "I'm Buck Jones," "I'm Tom Mix," or "I'm Hoot Gibson." We were fascinated by these cowboy heroes in the same way that children today are fascinated by Hopalong Cassidy, The Cisco Kid and Wild Bill Hickok, yet to my knowledge none of us turned into gun-toting gangsters due to the influence of Western films.

In our house the children watch anything they want to on TV, and so far I haven't noticed any lessening of their interest in school, nor have they given up their outdoor play. I believe that they have learned more about natural history, geography, and current events since we got a TV set than they would have learned in four times the time without one. The adult who claims that puppet shows are bad for children is a stuffy fool who has never

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HINE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

five star COGNAC BRANDY

ESTABLISHED 1763

seen the look on children's faces as they watched a Punch and Judy show. The adult, parent or not, who would try to turn the children away from cowboy programs, which they enjoy immensely, and make them watch a program which bores them to death, deserves to have fractious, difficult offspring.

In 1950, Robert Lewis Shayon, co-editor of *The Saturday Review* radio and television section, and radio and television critic of *The Christian Science Monitor*, wrote a series of eight articles on the subject, "Television and Our Children" for the latter publication. In one of his articles he had the following to say:

"Florence N. Brumbaugh, director of the Hunter College Elementary School in New York, asked 375 children between the ages of seven and eleven to complete this statement: 'If I could choose only one type of entertainment, it would be (books, comics, movies, radio, television) because—' Television won, hands down, of course. Books, surprisingly enough, ran second. Here are some views of seven-to-eleven-year-olds on TV:

"Some of the children said that instead of spending their allowances for the movies, they now use the money for snacks to serve their friends who came in after school for the television programs. 'At the movies,' wrote one boy, 'they make a fuss if you eat popcorn or peanuts, but at home you can have a whole meal while you watch.'

"At home, the figures of the usher, or the movie nurse, stern symbols of the adult authoritarian world, do not loom above the TV screen.

"Marc sums up his reasons for liking television best in a matter-of-fact fashion. 'It gives you stories like a book, pictures like movies, voices like radio, and adventure like a comic. Television has action while you stay in one spot.' "

On the subject of excessive viewing of television, and most experts believe that many children watch too many programs, Mr. Shayon had this to say: "If the experts are correct, then we grownups are definitely not without blame in this difficulty with our Pied Piper, television. Apparently, we give our children too much of the wrong kind of discipline, not enough respect for their development as individuals, and we exclude them from our adult world.

"We may commit these faults out of a mistaken sense of love, out of laziness, neglect, ignorance, or simply because our own lives are too busy to permit us to do otherwise. Nevertheless the faults are committed. Is it any wonder, ask the specialists, that many of our children have turned, in desperation, to the mass media, and are now turning to the newest, most fascinating, most potent medium — television?"

I agree with Mr. Shayon that television fills a void in the lives of many children, and allows them to share in the adult world, and I think this is a good thing.

The only fault I can find with children's programs is that there are so many of them—especially on Saturdays when, on our set, they run without pause from 10.00 a.m. to 2.00 p.m., and from 5.00 to 7.00 in the evening. I'm not at all worried about their influence on my children, but I am beginning to worry about their influence on me. Hy-O, Silver! You see what I mean?

HUGH GARNER

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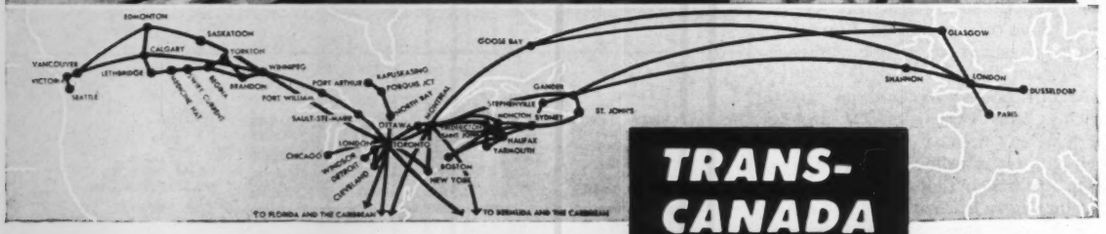

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Obsolete

The old house is coming down,
Disintegrating under coercion;
Further collusion with time denied
For it stands on a good corner—
Potentially profitable.

I looked, daily, in passing,
Expecting its demolition;
Debris desecrating a struggling garden.
Passing days multiplied
This expectation, before a
Pressing parade of progress.

The withered home, built
In the fashion of another era,
Was fashioned for leisured living;
A link between generations.

A rusty link now
In a new chain of change;
Corroding, impeding advancement.
Fresh paint but a flash
Of pride taunting disaster.

Progressively,
Industry flushes the nest
And invades its seclusion.

THERESA E. THOMSON

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such PERFECT FLAVOR and satisfying as only White Horse can be!

such FINE OLD WHISKY with White Horse quality known the world over!

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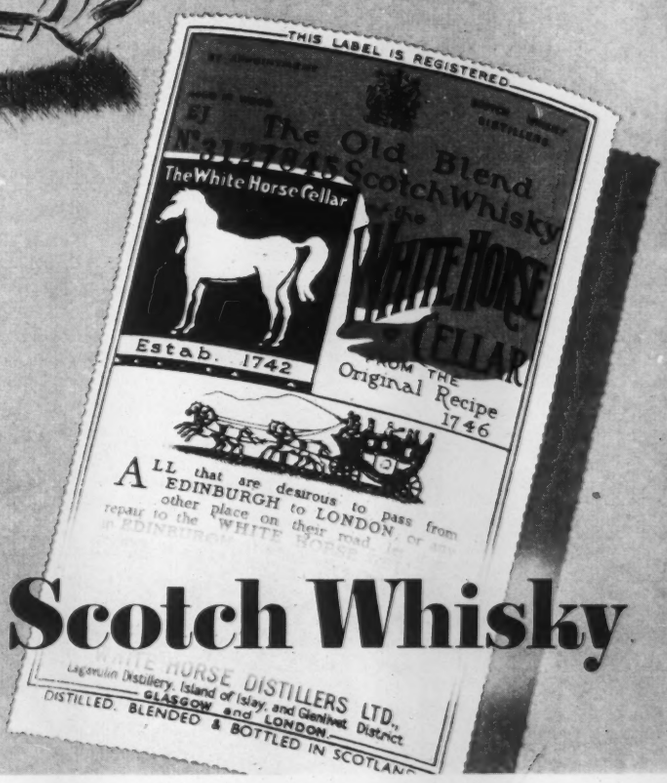

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3. WRAP PARCELS SECURELY—tie with strong cord—and put on sufficient postage. When in doubt have your Post Office weigh parcels and letters and avoid double postage due.

Keep the following information readily available for reference when you mail

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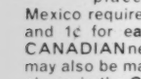
1st Class requires: Local delivery, 3¢ for the first ounce, 1¢ for each additional ounce; out-of-town (Canada, U.S., and all other countries of North and South America, British Commonwealth, France, Spain) delivery, 4¢ for first ounce, 2¢ for each additional ounce. Air Mail (domestic), 7¢ for first ounce, 5¢ for each additional ounce. (Inquire at Post Office for airmail rates to other countries.)

PRINTED MATTER

Cards, circulars, etc., entirely printed—when addressed to individuals by name—2¢ for the first 2 ounces, 1¢ for each additional 2 ounces. When such mail is addressed "To Householder" (not by name) it requires 1½¢ for the first 2 ounces, and 1¢ for each additional 2 ounces.



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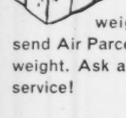

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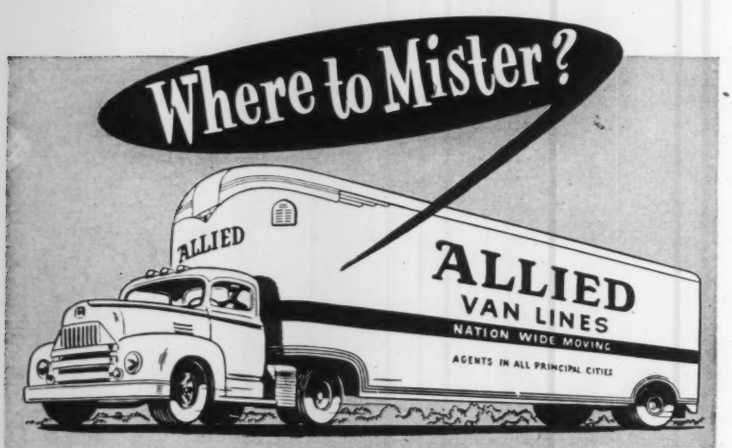

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Lighter Side

Various Inventions

DOWN IN GEORGIA the Atlanta Bridge-Masters have authorized a Bidmaster, a gadget in the form of a cardboard wheel which supplies the correct bid when you spin the disk.

Eventually, I suppose, the Bidmaster will be as indispensable to the dedicated bridge player as the prayer wheel is to a pious Tibetan. With the new device set up before him, the amateur bridge player can place his bids as authoritatively as Ely Culbertson, though he won't have the faintest idea of what he is doing or why he is doing it; and I can't imagine a drearier way of spending an evening.

If, by a further refinement, the new device can systematize and control the discarding as well as the bidding, the last element of speculation will have to be eliminated. By that time a session of bridge will be about as stimulating socially as an evening spent with an IBM Calculator.

It is a beautiful dream, of course, the ultimate mechanism that will lay down the final rules and eliminate every possible argument. Only it won't work. If it were practicable, the Neutral Nations Repatriation Committee might very well have set up some adaptation of the Bidmaster in the tents of Panmunjom to take the place of the program of "explanations." The situation would be set up, the disk would spin, the bid for or against repatriation would be made and the matter settled.

It would be settled, that is, for the length of time the result would take to reach the outside world. Then Mr. Vishinsky would probably pop up to shout that the machine had been viciously and malignantly tampered with, the "explainers" would take up explanations on the new ground, the anti-Reds would fall on the explainers, and everything would start all over.

There is something in the fallible human spirit that insists on having the last word, even when confronted by the infallible instrument. For this reason there seems to be little future for another new device, the Alcoholic Indicator.

This gadget, when attached to the instrument panel of a car, will register whether or not the owner is in a fit condition to drive. (You simply breathe on it and it immediately indicates whether you should (a) drive, (b) drive slowly, or (c) be taken back into the house and put to bed by your hostess.)

This won't work either. For the man who, in a fit of precaution, attaches the Alcoholic Indicator to the instrument panel of his car isn't the man who emerges from the party some hours later. This latter man is likely to be either so filled with confidence that he won't consult the Indicator, or so belligerent that he will want to argue with it. (Whaddaja mean, "Go Slow"? I can drive this hack without touching the wheel.)

In any case, the Alcohol Indicator has already been taken care of by another ingenuity put out by the Merchant Distillers Corporation of Terre Haute, Indiana. This is "Vodkhyll" which is vodka with a dash of chlorophyll guaranteed to kill any breath and baffle any indicator.

All over the Western hemisphere researchers are busily at work producing ingenuities that the human race might very well get along without.

For instance, does anyone need sun glasses that can be instantly adjusted from normal to polaroid vision for viewing Three-D movies? For that matter, does anyone really need Three-D movies? Is there any special advantage in a motor-car with a Fibreglass body? Mightn't it even be a disadvantage if the occupant wanted to adjust her girdle or straighten her stocking-seams on the way downtown? Will life seem appreciably more secure when it is possible to get a week's insurance by popping fifty cents into an insurance-vending machine? Will the housewife get any permanent comfort from an extra vacuum cleaner attachment for removing fleas from the family dog? Will the family dog?

What we really need are special ingenuities for reducing, rather than adding to, the complexities of existence; for instance: shoulder straps that won't slip, stockings that won't run and wide-necked catsup bottles with screw tops.

It would be a great help, too, if the researchers would come up with some Universal Disposal Unit to take care of the dreary detritus that haunts a housewife often through a lifetime—rusty bed-springs, sprung umbrellas, old boilers, worn-out electrical equipment, all the things that fire won't burn, earth won't cover and the garbage man refuses to cart away.

Push-buttons have probably done as much as any invention to exacerbate the human race and may end by destroying it altogether. Just the same, as a confirmed in-bed reader, I would welcome a push-button bed that would lower the occupant to a horizontal position and dreamless sleep, just as the lines of print begin to blur.

It would never stop at that, of course. Having become interested in push-button beds, the inventors would immediately begin to dream up elaborations — push-buttons to regulate blankets, extinguish cigarettes, produce barbiturates and put the cat out electronically. I'm not asking for anything like that. I don't want to keep myself awake all night fooling around with an instrument panel designed to hasten sleep.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Foreign Affairs

Yugoslavs Have a Case in Trieste

BELGRADE: Over the tracks at Ljubljana, the first city inside Yugoslavia, is a big electric sign proclaiming "Trieste is Ours." I haven't met many Yugoslavs who really believe that, at least as far as the city of Trieste is concerned, or who seriously expect that Yugoslavia will get it. But the explosion of official and popular feeling here after the Allied announcement on October 8 that Zone A, including Trieste city, was going to be handed over to the Italians, is a warning that Yugoslavia is going to insist on having her full say in the final disposition of the small but highly strategic territory at the head of the Adriatic.

This might look as if they wanted too much. They hold Zone B, the larger part of the intended Free Territory, and they refuse to let the Italians have Zone A. But of course the city with its great port, one of the biggest in the Mediterranean, is the real prize, not the villages, fishing ports and hills which form the rest of the Territory.

The Yugoslav point of view is that the Italians have only held Trieste for 27 years in all modern history, and during that brief period used it twice as a springboard from which to invade and seize Yugoslav territory. Quite regardless of what one may think of the present Yugoslav Government, one cannot expect the Yugoslav people to ignore this experience, and they don't. A typical example of their reaction was quoted to me by a French correspondent who recently visited two Yugoslav friends who had gone to school with her in Paris many years before. Though they were of the class which has lost all its wealth and position under Tito, they were vehemently behind his regime on the question of Trieste.

We heard a lot about the 40 days and nights of terror when the Yugoslav Partisan Army occupied Trieste in May and June of 1945 But almost no news reached the West of Italian atrocities during their occupation of a large part of Yugoslavia during the war How many of us even recall that they partitioned the country and set up a separate state in Croatia under an Italian princeling? And that was only the end of a long story that began with the adventures of Gabriele D'Annunzio in 1919, when he used Trieste as a base of operations for the seizure of Fiume, and which continued with Mussolini's forcible denationalization of the majority Slovene population in the Trieste area.

Nor are the Yugoslavs reassured that everything is changed, now that Italy is again a democracy, when they see the ultra-nationalist elements rioting in Trieste and many of the cities of Italy, seeking martyrs, and chalking the walls with claims to cities and bases halfway down the Dalmatian coast, in the old fascist tradition. And I can say that this feeling was strongly shared by most of the foreign correspondents who witnessed the rioting and the funeral in Trieste.

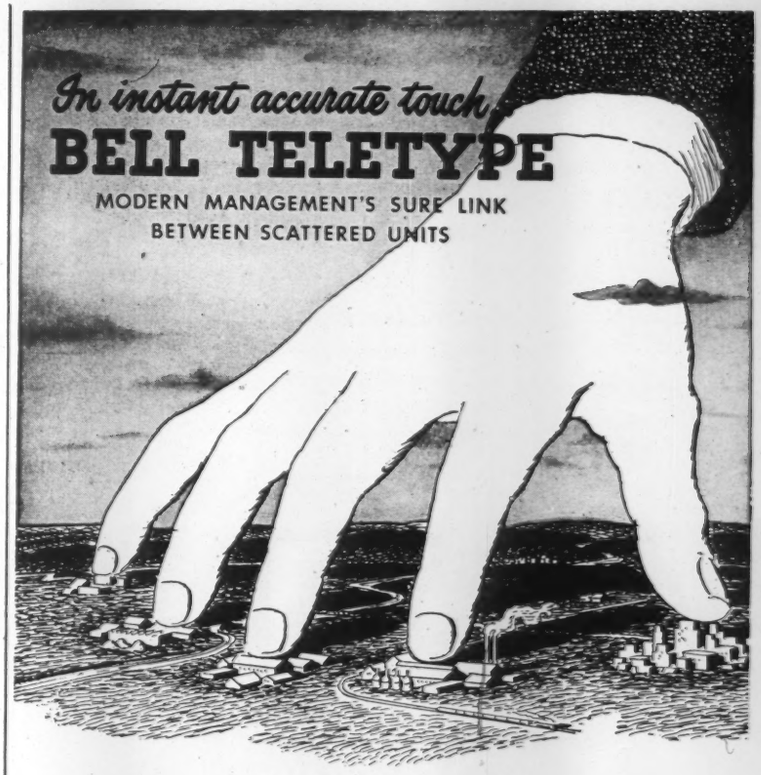
The Yugoslavs see the present Italian Government trying to use this nationalist agitation to bolster its own weak position and to blackmail the Anglo-Americans into handing over Trieste, to save them. But the Yugoslav officials are not the only ones who think that in such a game it is the neo-fascists who are gaining strength, not the Italian government. When the Yugoslavs go on, however, to deplore the way in which the West has sacrificed their "friendship", and even speak of themselves as "allies" of the West who are being badly treated, it is a bit too thick. These are the same people who have always claimed that the *rapprochement* with the West after 1948 was strictly to serve the national interests of Yugoslavia and that there was no sentiment connected with it whatever.

A further Yugoslav argument on the Trieste question is one that was probably decisive in the Paris Peace Conference decision to set up a Free Territory, and must still play its part in whatever settlement is found for the problem. That is the fact that Trieste has never in its history lived off Italian shipping. It serves the hinterland of Yugoslavia, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and always has.

What would the Yugoslavs actually settle for in Trieste? It is as hard to get that in plain words as it is to find out in Rome what Italy would settle for. The strong point in the Italian position is that they are willing to have a plebiscite, to which the Yugoslavs oppose the argument that their people have been denationalized under fascist rule. Before the blow-up in October, Tito had proposed a Yugoslav-Italian condominium of the territory for 10 years, with the aim of reconsolidating the Slovene and Croat elements, and giving them full support in a subsequent plebiscite.

THE STRONG point in the Yugoslav position is that they are willing to hold a conference with Italy and the Western Big Three, while Italy has not been ready to do this. Premier Pella early took the position that Italy would only go to a conference which was based on the decision of October 8, to hand Trieste over to Italy, and was concerned only with ways of doing this and some readjustment of Italian and Slovene areas in the two zones.

There have been some indications that the Rome Government has been looking for a way out of this position. But quite as important is Rome's affirmation that, in taking over Zone A, it would by no means be renouncing its



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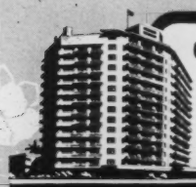
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claim to Zone B. One of the obvious aims of the nationalist riots was to hold the government to this position.

About the only point which is agreed on by all observers is that if the Allies were to withdraw from Trieste tomorrow and the Italians to enter, there would be war—a very one-sided war. Probably instead there will be a conference, and a feeling is growing that return to the original proposal for a Free Territory of Trieste will be seriously considered. For myself, I believe that if there were to be a *three-way plebiscite*, offering the Triestinos not just a choice between Italy and Yugoslavia, as Rome suggests, but preference for a Free Territory, the latter would win.

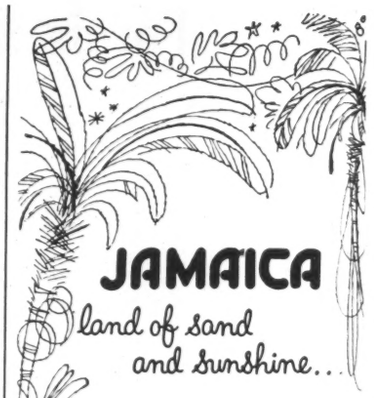
This is my first visit to Yugoslavia since before the war; and some readers may be astonished that I was allowed in. I was, too, and I was quite prepared to be stopped at the border. But I am bound to admit that, instead, my baggage was not even opened and has not been searched in my hotel rooms, as far as I could detect; nor have I ever found anyone following me. So far, so good; and a good deal better than Russia.

The comparison with Russia is inescapable, because the Yugoslav Communist leaders imposed the Soviet pattern so violently here after the war. The propaganda arch over the railway tracks was the first similarity, and the rush of great, ragged crowds to board the train at the first major stop was another. In the stations in the big towns you see poor people camped all over, sitting on the floor in every room and corridor. And on local trains, you can see them even sitting on the roof and hanging on the steps. The sad and shabby nationalized cafés are as reminiscent of Russia as are the big new party and government buildings. There is the same lack of traffic on the streets, and the same profusion of traffic cops. And book stores.

But Yugoslavia today must also be compared with what it was like before the war. There isn't any doubt that it is considerably poorer today; and although the war caused much damage, many other countries have made a full recovery in the 8½ years that have elapsed. But obviously things are moving here at last. Canadians who came here two and a half to three years ago assure me that there was just nothing in the shop windows but pictures of Tito. Now there are miles of shop windows full of goods; quite a surprising variety, too, of clothing, textiles and shoes, and ranging down to pathetic little displays of electrical goods, radio parts and photo apparatus.

The goods are in the windows, but the customers are on the sidewalks. For prices are in general as high as ours—for inferior quality—while the people studying the goods so hungrily through the wavy glass are earning from one-fifth to one-tenth as much as Canadians do. Cheap suits or overcoats can be had from $20 to $30. But $20 is a common monthly wage here, and $30 is above average.

A bicycle, made in Yugoslavia, costs $100 in our money, which is the equivalent of $500 to $1,000 to an underpaid Yugoslav. I saw a 15-year-old Underwood typewriter in the win-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dow of the biggest state store here with a tag of 305,000 dinars or $915 on it. A Yugoslav-made radio-phonograph in a cheap metal cabinet has gone on sale at about the same figure, 294,000 dinars. To the little Yugoslav, this is somewhere between the price of a Jaguar and a Rolls-Royce.

The cheapest table radio I have seen is $120 our money, or about the cost of three electric refrigerators to the Slav customer. There is one new car sitting in a window, ostensibly for sale. In this capital of a country of fifteen million people, severed by only a border line from Italy and Austria where these things are a part of the way of life. The traffic on the main streets of Belgrade I estimated at one automobile to each block.

This is the weak side of the Yugoslavs and their present system. They are trying to push their way into the modern technical world with very slender equipment. Good mechanics are the rarest and most valuable thing in this country, and ought to be paid more than party chiefs and cabinet ministers, who are a dime a dozen. I talked with a man, who has just completed a study of the use of machinery on state farms here, and he has quite a story. The Yugoslavs build a tractor, but since they want it to haul guns in case of necessity, it is twice too heavy and too expensive for farm work. They only use it for plowing; horses are still kept for all the other work.

When my acquaintance suggested that the tractors, to be economical, should be kept busy all the time and have attachments for cutting hay, operating a buck rake, chopping silage or sawing wood, and so on, they said they had never thought of that. Now, for a program of only 6,000 tractors a year, they are preparing to put a light tractor into production, motor and all. The expert reckons that this will take five years, and the product will probably cost two and a half times as much as it would to import it, as is the case with the heavy tractor.

The trouble with regimes like this is that they are made up of a combination of dogmatic theorists and young men who think that history started when they were about 18. Such regimes are not abashed at making the biggest mistakes—which our system of free criticism usually avoids—and think it quite natural that the people should pay for them, by standing an extra year outside the stores looking in at the goods they would like to buy.

I don't recollect that anyone has apologized publicly to the people whose sacrifices paid for the monstrous grey block of abandoned buildings, cracking and teetering on the far side of the Danube, called New Belgrade on the map and "Tito's Folly" by the populace. It was built, against the advice of Dutch consultants, on alluvial soil with too little piling and too great a weight. Now it is abandoned.

In a country in which every effort should be concentrated on productive enterprises and housing for the people, a big new city, Titograd, to be the capital of Montenegro, is being constructed. There are so many things the Montenegrins could make better use of. These are some of the reasons the people have lived so badly for so long. But things are getting better. Some of the Communists here have taken off their blinkers and are even willing to learn from the experience of the capitalist West. I have met here the first Communists in a decade with whom it was worth carrying on a conversation.

It is still a dictatorship, but they have slackened off the intimidation considerably and are feeling their way at allowing different "tendencies" among the candidates in the current election campaign, if it is still unthinkable that they should allow any real opposition. Mr. Attlee created the biggest stir since the break with the Cominform when he suggested *that*, in his press conference here last summer. Nor are they stuffing the regime down people's throats as they used to; actually, I haven't seen a single picture of Tito outdoors, and those in offices and cafés are less than overpowering.

But surely one of the decisive criteria is that they still don't care to sell a single foreign paper in Belgrade, nor do they publish a paper here in German or French, as was done before the war in Prague and Bucharest and Sofia, and is still done in Athens and Istanbul. The Slavic language and the Cyrillic alphabet stand as an immense barrier to communications with the West, which has all the modern knowledge that Yugoslavia needs. And probably the regime is content that this be so.

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Ottawa Letter

Wanted: More Crusaders in Politics

IN THE INITIAL deliberations of our new Parliament have been singularly free from partisan acrimony. Occasional gibes have been bandied across the floor of the House of Commons, and the quota of members who deliver wearisome discourses about the problems and grievances of their own constituencies is still too large. But in the debate on the Address, more members have made intelligent contributions to the discussion of current national issues than in any recent session. Some of the 76 new recruits to the House of Commons, notably Thomas Bell, a Conservative, and Erhart Regier, a member of the CCF and the first Mennonite ever elected to the House, have made promising speeches.

The Hon. Walter Harris, who now is the Prime Minister's deputy as leader of the House, has been feeling his way cautiously in the performance of his duties. Ministers in general, oppressed by the knowledge that the solution of economic and other troubles now existing or looming will tax all their resources, are in a less arrogant mood than a year ago, and show no disposition to provoke the parties in opposition to militant hostility.

The Speech from the Throne admitted that "there are some sectors of our economy which have been faced with difficulties," and apparently the sector in the worst plight is New Brunswick. A. Wesley Stuart, a Liberal, gave a very doleful account of the depressed fortunes of its fishermen and potato-growers. Mr. Bell declared that the port of his own city of Saint John has seen its shipping trade decline steadily and is now "wallowing in the doldrums of waste, extravagance and neglect." He deplored, too, the plans now in train to keep the channel of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal open all winter because, if they were successful, the future of Saint John and Halifax as winter ports would be dark.

Mr. Drew opened the debate on the Address in a well-phrased, temperate speech. After a broad review of the international and domestic situations, he made the recent refusal of the Government to permit the Canadian Pacific Air Lines to compete for trans-continental freight traffic with the state-owned Trans-Canada Air Lines the text for an elaborate indictment of the Government and the Liberal party. He charged that this decision proved them to be sworn enemies of free enterprise, who had no scruples about adopting Socialist policies, and enforcing them by tyrannical methods.

It is true that our Liberal Ministries since 1935 have shown precious little concern with the fundamental principles of Liberalism and have caused great grief to old-fashioned Liberals like Major C. G. Power and the editors of the Winnipeg *Free Press*. But

Capital Press

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it is difficult to accept the implication of Mr. Drew that politicians of such firmly conservative outlook as Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Howe and Mr. Abbott are political blood brothers of Mr. Coldwell, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan, and are secret enthusiasts for collectivist adventures.

The truth is that increase in the power and responsibilities of government in the past century is a direct result of the extension of knowledge and the tendency of mankind to use that knowledge to control his own fortunes. During the last few decades only the state has been in a position to assume responsibility for meeting many human needs, and technical conditions have promoted the centralization of power in Governments. There is a strong probability that, no matter what labels parties in power in all countries wear, the process of extending the authority of governments will not be halted and the real problem is how governments endowed with such wide powers can be effectively controlled and made servants of their peoples. The fear that governments will become so tyrannical that all individual freedom will vanish implies despair about human nature and a lack of conviction about the true rôle of the individual in society.

Society is kept alive and its healthy development is assured by the ideas, courage and leadership of individuals who have the strength of character to engage in constant crusades against social and economic injustices, abuses of governmental power and effete institutions. But at certain periods in all countries there is a dearth of such individuals, and then a government which can entrench itself in power tends to assume dictatorial authority. If one ruling Liberal party shows a disposition to be arbitrary and tyrannical, the reason is that today, in

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Canada, there are not enough individuals of first-rate ability and strong convictions who hold other faiths and are ready to participate in politics.

Mr. St. Laurent in his reply vied with Mr. Drew in the moderation of his language, and devoted most of his speech to a reasoned defence of his Government's policy in regard to the airlines and the transfer of the headquarters of the Film Board from Ottawa to Montreal.

Mr. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF, is still the most finished parliamentarian in the House of Commons. After mingling approval of some of the Government's policies with severe criticism of others, he made a forceful plea for the immediate establishment of a national system of health insurance.

Mr. Low, the leader of the Social Credit party, roamed far and wide in his oration and forecast that his party would be on the warpath against the present banking system when the revision of the Bank Act is tackled.

Mr. Howe, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, was at his best when, on November 19, he made a powerful case against the demand, supported by all the parties in opposition, that the Government should arrange loans on wheat which remains unmarketed in storage on prairie farms. The gist of it was that the present glut of wheat was due, not to diminished export sales, but to phenomenal yields, which had enabled the grain-growers of the prairies to harvest in three successive years the equivalent of five normal crops; that, when 1953 ended, their returns from grain crops alone would reach the record figure of $1,104 million; and that their aggregate returns for the three-year period 1951-53 would amount to $3,093 million. Therefore, he could not conceive that any large number of them could be in serious financial straits and that there was any need for the Government to embark upon the business of lending money on grain stored on farms.

He reminded the House that in 1951 it had authorized loans up to the limit of $20 million on grain which could not be marketed owing to weather conditions, and that this fund had only been drawn on to the extent of $625,663. He clinched his arguments for inaction by reading a telegram from a western agrarian leader, Roy Marler, President of the Alberta Federation of Agriculture. Mr. Marler declared that there was no need to grow panicky about the financial plight of the prairie farmers, and that they should not be encouraged to borrow more money at the present time.

It is also understood that the officials of the western wheat pools are opposed to the proposed loans because they feel that such an admission that the prairie farmers are in financial difficulties would be a black mark against the system of compulsory marketing operated under the Wheat Board, which they favor. Mr. Howe's arguments did not convince western members like Colonel D. S. Harkness and Robert Fair, who contended that many farmers were hard-pressed for funds and should be helped.

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October 31st, 1953

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Notes of and cheques on other banks		161,999,192.36
Government and Other Public Securities (not exceeding market value)		864,057,948.23
Other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)		118,432,878.12
Call Loans		70,491,996.27
		$1,513,766,619.10
Commercial and Other Loans		787,270,564.87
Bank Premises		22,358,524.78
Customers' Liability under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per contra)		38,564,147.00
Other Assets		2,414,883.36
		$2,364,374,739.11

LIABILITIES

Deposits		$2,226,960,332.98
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding		38,564,147.00
Other Liabilities		2,144,722.16
Capital	$36,000,000.00	
Rest or Reserve Fund	60,000,000.00	
Undivided Profits	705,536.97	96,705,536.97
		$2,364,374,739.11

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended October 31st, 1953, after making provision of $982,404.57 for Depreciation of Bank Premises, Furniture and Equipment and an appropriation to Contingency Reserve, out of which full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts has been made	$ 13,692,676.63
Provision for Dominion Income Tax and Provincial Taxes	6,650,000.00
Leaving a Net Profit of	$ 7,042,676.63
Of this amount shareholders received or will receive	5,040,000.00
Amount carried forward	$ 2,002,676.63
Balance of Profit and Loss Account October 31st, 1952	702,860.34
	$ 2,705,536.97
Transferred to Rest Account	2,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account October 31st, 1953	$ 705,536.97

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Pursuant To...

TO THE EDITOR:

As a teacher who has been closely associated with young people for many years, I read Dr. Hilda Neatby's recent article on education with a great deal of interest.

Because of the debased coinage of words in which we all must clothe our ideas, it is possible that I have misinterpreted Dr. Neatby's conclusions. She seemed to infer that while progressive education is poisoned at its roots by pragmatism and atheism, it nevertheless has missed a great opportunity for reform of our educational system. In addition, she implies, and at times comes close to stating positively, that the youth of today is spiritually and intellectually bankrupt as a result of too much progressivism by too many progressivists.

Dr. Neatby seems sympathetic to the commonly held view of some educationalists today that this is "an age without standards." But what does the phrase mean? If anything, it implies that societies in the past have possessed group attributes, loosely referred to as standards, which are superior to a similar group of attributes of this age, or, if you prefer, superior to an age (our age) with no attributes of any sort. It becomes necessary then, to look for a society whose standards we would emulate today and to the success of which a traditional form of education obviously made its contribution.

Should we search for these higher standards in 19th century England, pre-occupied as she was in harnessing the last of the so-called primitive peoples to her expanding economic machine? Shall we find them in the age of Dickens with its festering prisons and public schools that tormented the souls of their Shelleys? If we fail to find them here, perhaps we should look at the latter half of the 19th century England which accepted with assurance Browning's immortal phrase "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Is it not ironic that while Victorian England took pride in its high standard of morality and intellectual greatness, Karl Marx, an alien, living at the very fountain-head of British learning and culture, should be able to destroy this fiction at a single sweep of the pen? Was not Victorian morality and intellectual pride further shattered by Charles Darwin almost at the same moment?

Let us make no mistake. Standards are always relative. And when modern educationalists deplore "a lack of standards" they mean only that they disapprove personally of certain social behavior. Their judgment can have no more solid base than personal prejudice. To suggest that progressive education is the cause of lowered standards is no more than an empty platitude. Education has never, even in the Golden Age of Greece, risen above the shackling bonds of environment. And if the environment in which our educational system functions today is confusing and even terrifying, it is so because past mistakes and misconceptions of man's function in society have made it so.

Whatever age, whatever civilization we examine, we can find no standard, no culture, that offers a solution to our problems today. The truth may make men free: but it is not a truth that can be found in the past. The search has been made in every generation and has always ended in despair. Our only hope in education as in every other human endeavor, as Arnold Toynbee has so clearly pointed out, lies in the human capacity to make adjustments to the challenges of changing conditions. Progressive education is, therefore, as the name implies, our attempt to meet that need.

Contrary to the detractors of progressivism, we are far from being an age without standards. Our recent technical advances in science are proof of intellectual capacity in every field of technological endeavor. The youth who served our civilization so nobly and so recently, fits at least one criterion cited by Dr. Neatby as proof of high standards. He has known "what he fights for, and loves what he knows." The veterans of that struggle who returned to the peaceful pursuit of learning brought to our uni-

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versities, in the words of one president, "a new sense of devotion to learning and high moral purpose." And when their eyes turn to the future, they are beginning to capture the vision of a new moral order based on a united world where, for the first time in the long and painful history of civilized man, they may be permitted to practise the Golden Rule. They may even, in the not too far distant future, be able to renounce forever the internecine struggles of primitive man—among whom they may include you and me. An age without standards? One can only echo with Hamlet "Words, words, words."

But the confusion in our minds stems also from another platitude—"an age of mediocrity," associated vaguely with the idea of progressive education. Here there is more cause for controversy. While it is dangerous to over-simplify, it may be said that the basic cause of mediocrity stems from two sources, neither of which can be attributed to education . . .

Psychologists have estimated that some 25 per cent of any cross-section of Western society is composed of individuals who are capable of only rudimentary training of intellect. At the other end of the scale are the 10 per cent or less of intellectually superior individuals who should become leaders. Proper segregation of these groups from the large middle group is impossible without a vast expenditure of public funds. Until Canadians are willing to make the same financial sacrifices for education as they do for tobacco and liquor, the problem is insoluble. Mediocrity will persist.

Furthermore, the efficiency of any educational system will be adversely affected as the ratio of students to teacher increases. Under ideal conditions, each teacher would devote his energies to a single student (the cultured tutor of former times), or to a small group as practised in the tutorial system of some of our universities. The march towards mediocrity is therefore accelerated as teachers become scarce, are accepted into the profession while poorly qualified, or are forced to distribute their resources over a large number of students, frequently as many as forty. All these factors tend to lower standards irrespective of whether the educational system is traditional or progressive.

The second basic cause of mediocrity is environmental. An unskilled laborer with a Grade 8 education frequently earns more than a school teacher with a college degree—sometimes much more. Is the son of such a man likely to see the true values of education even when they are presented to him? Does any educator seriously believe that such a youth will agree with the teacher who points out, as Dr. Neatby suggests, that "life is real and earnest"? They see their fathers making more and more money, obtaining more and more leisure. They are, indeed, the victims of their environment, not the pawns of a progressive education . . .

A. H. HUMBLE

Senior English Master,
Trinity College School,
Port Hope, Ont.

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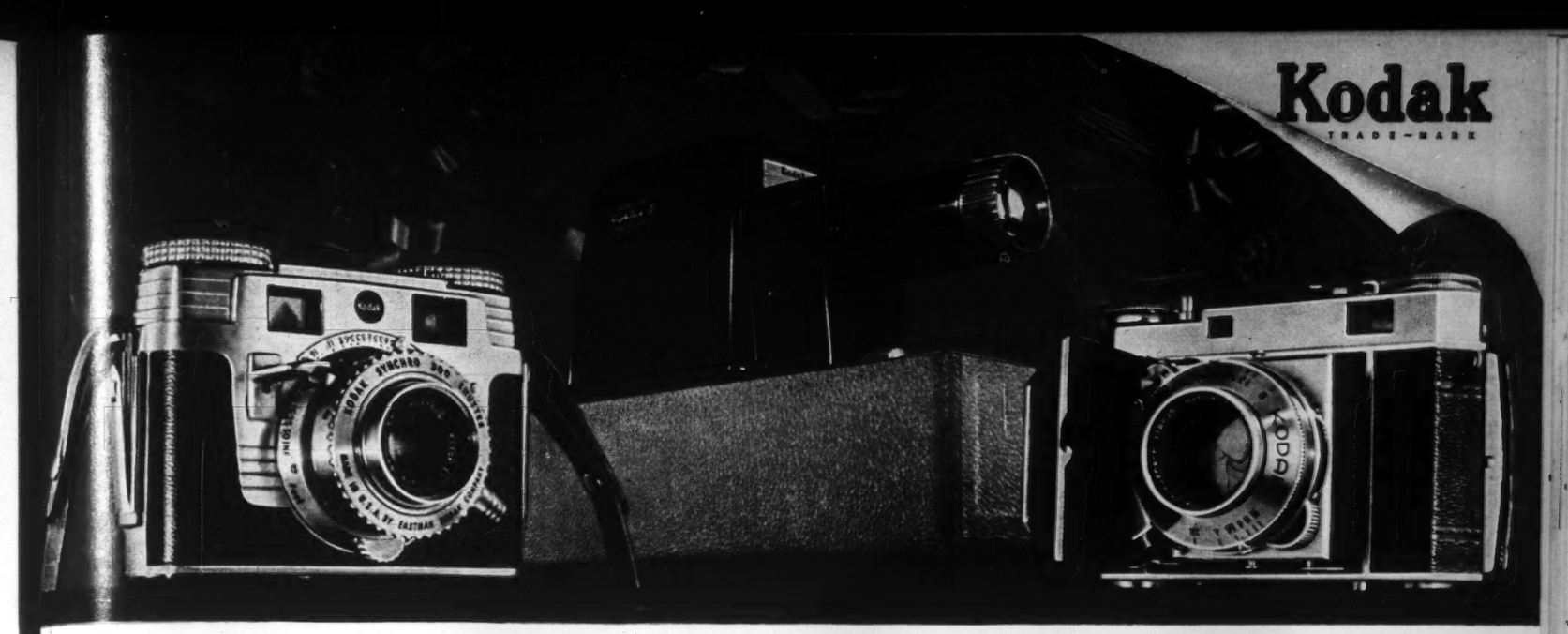

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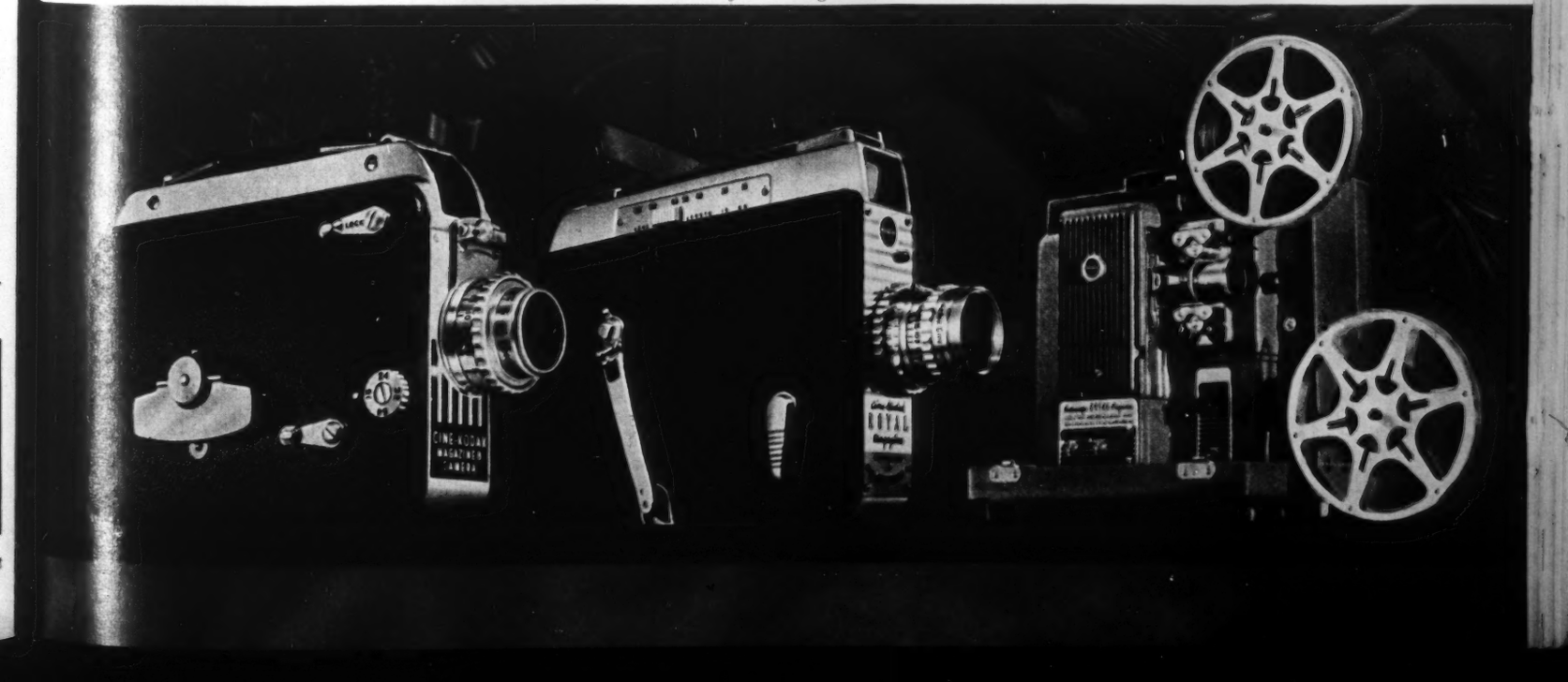

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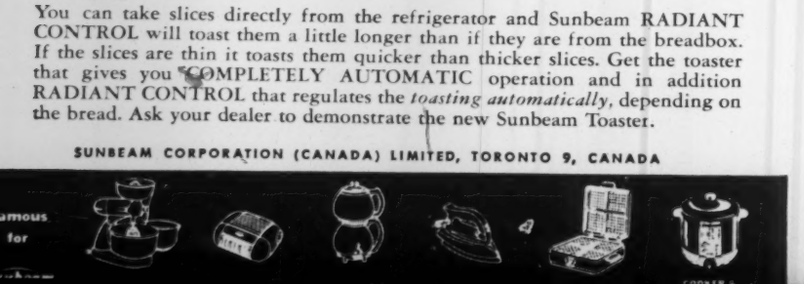


The Literary Life

Art and Journalism

AN INHABITANT of the Old World, finding himself involved, even on a superficial level, in the mental machinery of the New World, soon becomes bewildered. Values that he always took for granted are suddenly questioned and sometimes hotly denied; unfamiliar creeds are presented to him as commonplaces. The innocent Englishman on the American continent, deceived by the easy lubricant of a common language, assumes that the words he utters and the words he listens to are vehicles for a set of commonly accepted ideas. He finds, to his surprise, that the lubricant is mixed with sand. He is alternately baffled and stimulated. If he is a temperamental conservative, he protests and argues; if he is wise, he ponders; if he is flexible, he pauses and begins to grow up all over again.

Generalizations like the above have become platitudes during the last decade which has seen so much transatlantic interchange, and platitudes make an unattractive beginning to an article. Nonetheless, I shall let them stand. My object is not to be attractive but to pursue a train of thought started by an incident that could only have happened on the continent of America and could only have achieved significance to an inhabitant of Europe.

I am an art critic. I live in London, England. During the last few weeks I travelled across Canada *because* I am an art critic. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the incident referred to should have occurred in London, Ontario. I should have been warned by the coincidence. If the two syllables of the word "London" can accumulate a set of associations and connotations so wildly different on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean, what about more fundamental words like "art" or more technical words like "criticism"? But I was not warned. I ran my head against a stone wall just where I had looked for an open road and I discovered an open road just where I had least expected to find it.

It began in a University by my accepting an invitation to discuss with the students of the Department of Journalism the particular problems of art criticism. That seemed easy enough. An hour had been snatched for me out of a crowded curriculum. At the end of two hours and a half we had just begun to understand that we were misunderstanding each other. The students were manifestly becoming a little alarmed at my obtuseness. I was attempting to sort out and reassemble what was left of a set of shattered illusions.

On such occasions one begins gaily enough and perhaps a little patronizingly. The problems to be discussed were familiar and I had been briefed by the Faculty. "Quite an informal chat, Mr. Newton; just a brief autobiographical outline enlivened with a few anecdotes about your early career to strike an intimate note, and then a statement of what you consider to be the basic qualifications for the particular brand of journalism in which you have specialized. Perhaps you would begin by telling us how you came to be an art critic?"

Thoughtlessly, I replied that I happened to be dining with the editor of a famous daily journal at the moment when his art critic was smitten with influenza. This produced a pause. I was made aware that I had started on too frivolous a note. The only moral to be drawn was that perhaps the Department of Journalism should include in its curriculum a short course on bacteriological warfare. I tried hastily to retrieve the situation by saying that I had, from childhood, been interested in the visual arts and by explaining that I considered the critic's qualifications consisted of about equal parts of visual sensitivity and knowledge of art history. Each reinforced the other, I suggested, and, given an initial interest in both, both could be cultivated by the simple means of seeing as many good works of art as possible, thinking about them intelligently and reading what other people had written.

THE ICE was now broken and I fell through it into the lively current of the two-hour discussion that followed. Perhaps I can best indicate its direction in condensed dialogue form. J. indicates, impartially, any student or member of the Faculty; N. is myself.

J. But criticism is a branch of writing. Isn't the critic's first job to learn to write?

N. Oh, well, of course he must be able to express his opinions adequately.

J. Opinions? But surely journalism is primarily concerned with facts? We in the Department of Journalism are trained to communicate the facts by means of good writing.

N. Then why isn't this department called the Department of Writing?

J. Well, after all, writing is a branch of journalism.

N. (After another shocked pause) Good heavens! I, in my innocence, had always considered journalism to be a rather subsidiary branch of writing—of literature, in fact.

J. Surely not. Think of the complexities involved—editorship, policy, circulation, layout, advertising. Think of the balance to be preserved between sporting, political, social, legal and cultural news. And it all has to be made palatable, readable. A very well for you to talk about sensitivity and knowledge. Our experience is that sensitive writing is unreadably highbrow and too much knowledge leads to too many technical terms.

N. But aren't you approaching

journalism as a technique instead of as a means of enlightening and guiding the public?

J. How can we enlighten and guide the public about art? We know nothing about it. How do I know what to say about *that* (pointing to a silk-screen reproduction of a forest landscape by Tom Thomson hanging on the wall)? How do I start having an opinion on? That's what we hoped you'd tell us—how to know *what* to write.

N. You *must* have an opinion. Doesn't that picture mean anything to you? Isn't it, for example, more vivid than a color photograph?

J. Why, yes, but . . .

N. Then there's your article. Say what it means to *you*. After all you are, at least, a specialist in the art of writing English prose.

There is no need to continue this report of the conversation. What emerged was a fundamental cleavage of opinion. Mine was that anyone interested in and moderately knowledgeable about the arts could teach himself to write about them; and if he could persuade an editor to pay him for what he wrote, so much the better. Theirs was that any reputable journalist, interested in and moderately knowledgeable about the newspaper world and the craft of writing ought to be able to turn himself into an art critic by picking up a few hints from another art critic or by reading (one of their insistent demands was for a short, basic bibliography) a selection of essential books before visiting the exhibition to be criticized. After all, that was how the sports journalists worked. I remember we discussed Toulouse-Lautrec and they were somewhat surprised at my suggestion that they should do a little research into the night life of Paris in the nineties.

I believe we parted respectful but puzzled. But the conversation was, I think, symptomatic of a deeper cleavage in educational theory. Do we learn to lead adequate and useful lives by being encouraged to *think* or by being taught to *do*? And is the technique of doing, whether in sport or politics or the arts, the basic equipment for life, or are techniques something that one muddleheadedly teaches oneself as a result of specialized thinking and feeling?

There is something to be said, perhaps, on both sides. Technical and vocational education starts from the initial question "How can I earn my living?" Education in thinking first and doing afterwards is the result of asking "How can I fulfil myself?" The United States of America has decided, almost unanimously, to follow the first theory. Europe still clings to the second. Canada, which is in danger of developing a permanent squint by keeping one eye loyally fixed on England while the other is jealously on the watch for the latest developments in the U.S.A., is perhaps in doubt as to which path to follow when the struggle develops between humanism and efficiency. Perhaps it is Canada's destiny to discover the formula for compromise between the Old World and the New. Or perhaps a better word would be reconciliation.

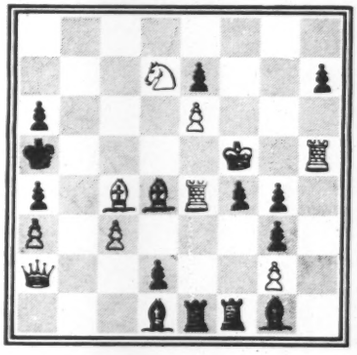
ERIC NEWTON

Chess Problem

HAVING GIVEN particulars on chess problem loci, we now give an example on the "organ pipes" theme. This locus belongs to the second group, relative loci, in which just one of the theme pieces is movable, here the black King.

Post the other four black theme pieces on the board as follows, under notation for Black: Rs on QR6 and QR7; Bs on QR5 and QR8. The Grimshaw mutual interferences of these four pieces shuts off the guards on White's Q1, Q2, Q3 and Q4, so that theoretically to compose a two-move problem with four different mates resulting, White must be able to mate only by the use of these four squares as the guards disappear. They may be either direct mates or by discovery. This restricts the postings of the black King. The locus for it is shaped like the letter "L," the squares in black notation being K6, KB6, KKt6, K5, K4, K3 and K2. In the same order we letter these squares "A" to "G."

Problem No. 42, by H. W. Bettmann.
Black—Thirteen Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.
White to play, mate in two.

Bear in mind that this group of loci is a relative one. To compose a two-mover in the "C" group we must move everything up a square, as we make clear in comment on the two variations given of this 1910 example by T. Salthouse. Besides he found it essential to invert everything; not by a half-turn, which also would have sufficed:

White: K on K7; Q on Q2; R on QR1; B on Q8; Kts on KB8 and KKt7; Ps on Q7, K3, K6 and KR3. Black: K on KKt4; Q on KR4; Rs on QR3 and QR4; Bs on QR2 and QR5; Kt on KKt5; Ps on Q2, Q3, Q4, KR3 and KR5. Mate in two.

Key-move 1.R-KKt1, waiting. If R-Kt4 or R-B3; 2.KxP(7) mate. If B-Kt3 or B-B3; 2.KxP(6) mate. The only way to get these variations is by royal battery mates, and the white B has to be got on the board!

Our No. 42 is the only example in the "G" class, 1912. The key is not a quiet one.

Solution of Problem No. 41

Key-move 1.R-R4, threatening 2.-QKt any mate. A complete white Kt wheel with four flights. Defences that force the eight Kt discovered mates are Kt-B7, Kt-Kt6, R-QKt2, R-QB2, K-B5; K-K6, K-Q6 and B-B8. K-K4 also forces 2.Kt-Kt5 mate.

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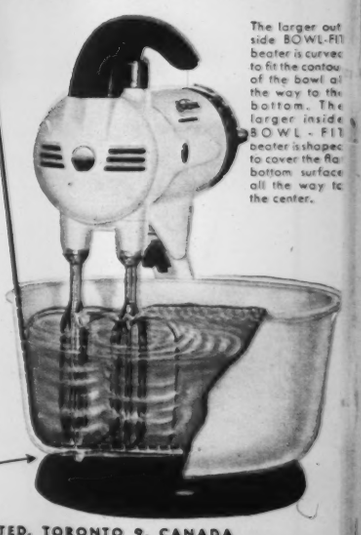
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Letter from London

A Weskit Gleams Through the Smog

ON THE RETURN to the stage of Vivien Leigh was an exciting event, after all the rumors, all the painful scenes of Sir Laurence Olivier carrying her struggling into an aeroplane, and then . . . the long silence.

London flocked down to see her at Brighton, the fabulous Regency resort that basks beneath the white cliffs of the Sussex Downs. That is the smart thing to do nowadays; many of the most brilliant productions have their preview at the lovely little Theatre Royal; and since Brighton is only an hour from London by train, one can get down very easily in time to eat fresh lobsters that have been caught almost on the doorstep, and take a post-prandial stroll by the rollers roaring in from the Channel. Many of the elegant London ladies who attempted this diversion the other night arrived at the theatre in a rather battered condition, for the first storm of Autumn swept down upon them like a thief in the night, after weeks of cloudless Indian summer.

Many others were late, for it was the last day of the strike of the road-tanker drivers, and those who had trusted to filling up their cars on the way down were often disappointed. A foolish, futile little strike it was; never were so many so upset by so few—for so little purpose.

One incident that came my way illustrates the bitterness which such industrial strife can engender. My Chelsea garage rang up to say that the troops had just arrived with a consignment of petrol, and that if I wanted a couple of gallons I had better look sharp. So I was down the road in a few minutes. A young RAF boy was driving the lorry, and he had just borrowed a cigarette from the boss. "Couldn't get any down the road," he explained. "What?" said the boss. "Is there a cigarette shortage too?" "No," said the boy. "But when the saleswoman saw me coming, she put her hand across the door and said 'No, sorry, not for you; we don't serve black-legs here.'" The boy added, with some pertinence, that she mightn't have been so choosy during the Battle of Britain.

However, all this is taking us a long way from Vivien Leigh, so let us wander to the theatre—up narrow, curving streets, with little bow-windowed shops into which the Prince Regent may often have peered, and where Beau Brummell may have made his purchases; through the famous "Lanes", where there are more antique shops to the square mile than anywhere else on earth; and to the theatre, which is almost unchanged since the days of Jane Austen. The play is *The Sleeping Prince* by Terence Rattigan, and it is an enchanting Balkan fairy-tale which gives Vivien one of the parts of her life—in a blonde wig and an American accent, and only one simple white dress from start to finish.

I went round to see Vivien after the show. She was cock-a-hoop, and adoring every moment of it. "Nervous?" she said. "Of course I was nervous. But it was a nice *cosy* nervousness . . . not like that awful nightmare of six months ago." I left her dancing away to the front to take a good sniff of the ozone.

Talking of ozone reminds me that Smog is with us once more. Smog is the name for the loathsome, smutty fog that blanketed London last winter. There was a time when Londoners laughed at the "pea-souper", when we were almost proud of it, with its picturesque Dickensian associations. We don't laugh any more. Last winter, Smog caused over four thousand deaths; in many cases the victims literally choked to death. Tens of thousands of others were most painfully disabled. This year we expect it to be worse.

My Chelsea flat is in the centre of one of the most affected areas; a new power station, only a quarter of a mile away, pours a perpetual stream of foul, polluted air towards us. To keep things clean is an unending struggle. What is happening to one's lungs is anybody's guess.

This is a major problem, which demands top-level action. The first steps in the battle have been taken by the London Local Medical Committee, who have advised all Londoners to manufacture home-made masks, consisting of six thicknesses of gauze attached with strips of adhesive tape. I saw the first of these masks last night, down by Whistler's house overlooking the river, where the smog had gathered quickly. Out of the yellow-grey murk four old ladies crept towards me, groping along the railings, with these white masks covering their faces. They looked very weird and more than a little sinister, like witches who had escaped from some strange, illicit performance of *Macbeth*.

A NEW daily newspaper has burst upon London—though 'burst' is perhaps hardly the word. "Trickled" would be more apt. It is difficult to believe, from the first few issues of *The Recorder*, that it is the product of two such hardened Fleet Street characters as W. J. Brittain and Solly Chandler; it looks more like a weekly edition of the Puddlecombe Gazette. One might forgive the fact that its "make-up" is a masterpiece of dullness, and that it abounds in misprints, if the reading-matter were worth reading. It is not. It is filled with stale interviews and antiquated news-stories, and its regular features are so heavy that they weigh down the page. Its "Off the Record" column, which is

supposed to be hot and exclusive, is made up of such startling items of information as that there are so many shopping days to Christmas, that farmers have been "getting on with the ploughing and cultivating," and that "once again the citizens of Oslo are presenting a Christmas tree to Trafalgar Square"!

Among future attractions, *The Recorder* promises Londoners "A Weekly Feature by Lady Rhys-Williams, the Woman with the Best Brain in Britain." If this is indeed the case, her ladyship has concealed the fact very successfully, for a number of years. We are also to have a weekly "profile" by the Marquess of Donegall, which at least will be readable. The Marquess is a nice, cosy creature, who adores gossip, and on occasions dips his pen in a very pretty pot of acid. The best one can say of *The Recorder,* to date, is that it is as clean as a whistle, and as dull as a turnip. The one interesting thing about it is, who put up the money? It must have been a packet. Next to yachts and film-stars, newspapers are the most expensive hobbies in the world.

To his considerable astonishment, your correspondent has been elected one of the Six Best-Dressed Men in Britain. The choice was made by representatives of the Associated Tailors, Hatters and Shoemakers, in solemn conclave assembled. The other five dandies were the Marquess of Carisbrooke, who is a grandson of Queen Victoria, Sir Richard Burbidge, who runs the great institution of Harrods, Sir John Black, who is head of Standard Motors, Charles Sweeny, golfer and man-about-town, and my old friend Leslie Hore-Belisha, who was Minister for War in the days of Dunkirk.

My first thought, on hearing this startling news, was that if we are the six best-dressed men, the rest of the male population must be pretty shocking. I have had only two new suits in the past three years, a brown double-breasted pin-stripe, and a grey double-breasted flannel, both very nice in their way, but neither calculated to stop the traffic. My next newest is nine years old. My most juvenile overcoat shows 1949 on the label. The rest of the Nichols Collection—Now Showing—is pre-war, and my tails are twenty years old.

I can only assume that the reason for this unwarranted distinction is that at least I make the most of what I've got, with the help of a clothes-brush and an electric iron. And I don't go to first nights at Covent Garden with an old mackintosh swinging over my arm, as seems to be the modern custom. That seems to me an insult not only to one's girl friend but to the artists.

But wait! There is one new item in the collection which may perhaps explain the mystery—a claret-colored waistcoat in silk brocade with brass buttons. I saw it one evening in a little shop in the Burlington Arcade, gleaming through the smog. It warmed the cockles of the heart; and since a fancy waistcoat is the one bright garment an Englishman can wear without looking a scream, I bought it. And now they are blossoming out all over London, on the most respectable torsos, in silks and poplins and velvets, in all the shades of the rainbow. Maybe it is the first sign of a Regency renaissance? I should welcome it.

I don't think the Queen has ever looked lovelier than when she drove through the crisp November morning to the opening of the present Parliament. I was standing with the crowd in Whitehall, behind a line of the tallest Grenadiers. As the Irish State Coach came into view, with its swaggering escort of Royal Horse Guards, one could see the glitter of diamonds through the wide windows. Just as she passed us she had to interrupt her bowing, and put her hand up to her ear, to adjust one of her fabulous diamond earrings which apparently was falling off. It was done in a moment, and she was waving to us again with a radiant smile. The fact that such a tiny incident set the crowd cheering all the more loudly is a measure of the affection in which she is held.

As I came away, I could not help remembering that other opening of Parliament, which so nearly ended in a national disaster, 348 years ago. The streets were full of little urchins, with blackened faces, wheeling their effigies of Guy Fawkes along the pavements in ancient perambulators or propped up on old soap-boxes on wheels. In the old days they used to cry "Penny for the Guy, sir, give us a penny for the Guy!" Nowadays it is "Threepence for the Guy, sir!" or even, if they are very brazen, "Spare us a tanner for the Guy, sir." (A tanner, in case you do not know it, is sixpence.) It is a picturesque example of the prevalent inflation.

Well, now I must go and lock up the cats for the night. Darkness has fallen, and there are bangs in all the little side-streets, and a very sinister urchin across the way has begun to let off Catherine-wheels, which have the worst effect on my Siamese. Soon the grey skies above London will be blossoming with fire. Let us hope that tonight, at least, there will be a respite from the Smog.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

•

It Was Like This . . .

A Salford (England) magistrate was told that the reason why four people were found in a public house eighty minutes after the closing time was that one of them had been telling the others about visitations from his dead wife, and that they were all so affected and upset that the barmaid did not want to intervene with a reminder of the time.

Louis Gueter, charged with burglary at Culver City, Calif., blamed his troubles on a mosquito. He told the police he had been thinking for some time about robbing an automobile agency and "when a mosquito woke me up at about 3 o'clock, I decided to get the job done!"

"It takes twenty beers to affect me," Joseph Birmingham of Conestago told a Kitchener, Ont., court as he faced a driving while impaired count. He admitted he had consumed two beers shortly before he had driven into the rear of a parked oil truck.

Leonard Green, 50, was granted a divorce, at Madison, Wis., on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment. But the reason he found ground glass mixed with his hamburger, said his wife, was that she was going to use it to feed the rats who were after her chickens.

Postman Maurice Croquey was committed for trial at Hazebrouck, France, after he'd failed to convince a magistrate that people's bad handwriting was a good enough reason for burning 800 letters he'd been given to deliver.

Thomas James, asked to wait when he stepped into a telephone booth to call Buckingham Palace, was told a car would be sent round to pick him up. The car turned out to have two policemen in it. "I only wanted to talk to the Queen," James explained.

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Books

Two Happy Travellers

FOR SOME REASON which has never been completely clear, a great many people do not like the Welsh. It cannot be successfully argued that the Welsh are more objectionable than the Scots or the Irish, both of whom have been extremely unpopular at one time and another, but unlike the Scots and the Irish, the Welsh have never had any of those golden periods, when they were the particular pets of the English. Nevertheless, a few Englishmen have been very fond of the Welsh; Shakespeare often went out of his way to say a good word for them (but then, he had a Welsh grandmother); Smollett, who liked so few people, had a soft spot in his heart for the Welsh; Peacock loved them and tried to make himself into a Welshman and very nearly succeeded; and in our own day Thomas Firbank has written one very fine book about Wales called *I Bought A Mountain*, and has now followed it with another quite as good, called *A Country of Memorable Honour*.

It is pleasant for the Welsh to be praised by so understanding an Englishman, for they do a poor job of praising themselves. The Welsh temperament, in one of its phases, is strongly satirical, and they lack the art of explaining themselves to the rest of the world; consequently the only Welshmen who set out, determinedly and unequivocally, to praise their land or their people to the English, are likely to be fools or persons of inadequate sensitivity. In the better and more intelligent sort of Welshman, pride makes self-praise impossible. This trait, no doubt accounts for the very name which the English gave them, for "Welsh" means "stranger," and to many English people the Welsh are strangers to this day. It is a favorite Welsh joke that the English, having called the real Britons "strangers," stole the name of "Briton" for themselves.

English travellers in Wales have often felt themselves rebuffed by these strangers, for the Welsh have a strong objection to being patronized, and their sense of humor is quite as deadly as that of the Irish. But there have been other English travellers, among whom George Borrow and Thomas Firbank are deserving of particular honor, who have found out how to get on with the Welsh. The secret is simple enough; you must first show yourself friendly; the Welsh melt immediately before any show of friendship, their mountaineer suspiciousness disappears, and they become affable, open and unstintingly hospitable.

That they are an odd people the traveller may well be permitted to think, and the more he knows them, the odder he will find them. They are extremely democratic, and their society is very nearly classless, but they are all very proud, and genealogy is a passion with them. They have shockingly bad taste in virtually everything that greets the senses through the eye: they dress badly and their Eisteddfod ceremonies are woefully artless. But they have great taste in whatever falls upon the ear; and they are as good judges of music and oratory and poetry as you will find anywhere.

They are, in origin, an Eastern people, and they retain an Eastern lack of ambition in money matters; it is not uncommon for a Welsh miner, having struggled desperately to get an M.A. degree, to go back to the mine with a play by Racine or Euripides in his pocket; it is the learning and the degree he wants, and not the better job it might gain him. And, to the English mind, the Welsh are unnervingly fond of ideas and arguments. It was an English economist, Sir Alfred Zimmern, who said, after a term of teaching at a Welsh University: "Setting ideas before Welsh students is like lighting a fire of straw; with English students it is like lighting wet wool."

WELSH history, also, is full of oddities, and the tribal system of laws which was codified in the tenth century by Howell the Good is not the least of these. It is astonishingly modern in tone, for it gives women equal rights in matters of property, and provides that all children, including illegitimate ones, shall inherit in equal shares from the father. Its divorce provisions would cause interest even in Reno; divorce might be obtained, among other reasons, if one of a couple had persistent bad breath. These Welsh lawgivers had uncommonly liberal views, and it was not easy for the Welsh to accommodate themselves to the English laws, many of them retrograde and feudal in nature, which were imposed upon them during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

It is sometimes overlooked that the present reigning house of England is descended, through the Tudors, from the Welsh Cunedda Wledig, who was the last British ruler to hold his appointment from the Romans, *circa* 410 A.D. This descent is of the utmost genealogical importance and, though the Scots do not like to have it said, provides the reason why James of Scotland was brought to the throne of England. It was a matter of no consequence that he was a king of Scotland; it was his descent through Henry Tudor from Cunedda, Dux Britannorum, which established his claim, just as it did later in the case of George I of Hanover, of the only Protestant Tudor line.

Mr. Firbank walked from Llangollen to Cardiff, gazing, talking and pondering as he went, and this book is a

record of his travels. It is a delightful book, and though I think I have read every book about Wales to appear during the past twenty years, there is not a hackneyed observation or a dull page in it. It may be that he praises the Welsh too much; Englishmen, when they praise that land and its people, sometimes seem to think that they must undo all the mischief that has been done by ten centuries of misunderstanding. But Mr. Firbank praises with so much skill that we must forgive him his possible excesses because of the art with which he commits them. Anyone who liked *I Bought A Mountain* will find this book greatly to his taste.

Travel books from Robert Gibbings are no novelty, but they are always welcome. He has written with wit and judgment of rivers in England, Wales, and Ireland, and now, in *Coming Down the Seine* he writes of the principal river of France. He journeyed down it at his own speed, in his own rowboat, from its source to its outlet, completing his journey at Le Havre in a somewhat less unstable vessel.

It is no dispraise of Mr. Gibbings's excellent style to say that the principal feature of his books is the selection of fine wood engravings with which he decorates them. Like his writing, they seem informal and unstudied, but are in reality the product of a fine discipline. They are not pictures in the sense of being illustrations; they are essences of what he has seen and felt. They are not added to the book, but are rather integral parts of it, without which it would not be a completed work. Mr. Gibbings does not attempt poetic flights of description in his prose; he leaves that to his pictures, and with them he is splendidly successful.

Books by wandering artists with a sense of the picturesque can be delightful works, if the artist is the real thing, and not a trickster seeking to take advantage of the romantic yearnings of bourgeois stay-at-homes. Robert Gibbings never fails us, and never deceives us. His wisdom is ripe, his touch light, and half an hour with one of his books is a real refreshment of the mind. May the day be long in coming when he is through with all his rivers and turns his prow down the Jordan.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

A COUNTRY OF MEMORABLE HONOUR—by Thomas Firbank—pp. 236 and map—Clarke, *Irwin*—$2.25.

COMING DOWN THE SEINE—by Robert Gibbings—pp. 217 with many fine wood engravings—*Dent*—$3.50.

A Man Who Was

Some people are valued while they live and remembered when they are dead less for what they have done than for what they have been. Graham Robertson, who died in 1948 at the age of 82, was such a person. His achievement was honorable; he had written well about William Blake; he was himself an artist of worth, though far from greatness; he had written some successful plays; he was the subject of one of Sargent's best portraits, which may be seen in the Tate Gallery; he had written a book of reminiscence, *Time Was* (published in the U.S.A. as *Life Was Worth Living*) which was of unusual quality. But none of these things account for his unusual reputation, or for his host of friends among the gifted people of his day. It was his wisdom, his integrity as a critic, his charm, his kindness and his enthusiasm for life which made him memorable and, in his way, a great man. It is with pleasure at extending our acquaintance with him that we greet the publication of a volume of his letters.

We often hear complaints that good letters are not written any more. There is a strong likelihood that this is quite untrue. What the complainers mean is that they do not get any interesting letters, and that may mean no more than that they are dull people, or that they know dull people. Anyone who has had occasion to plough through a bundle of eighteenth or nineteenth century letters, written by ordinary people about ordinary things, knows how dull letters can be. Good letters are only written by good writers, and we have good writers, recognized and unrecognized, today. Graham Robertson was writing letters up until his death five years ago, and any one of them would brighten the day of its recipient, and be worth keeping.

The letters in the volume which has just appeared were all written between 1908 and 1948 to one man, whose name is not given. They have been edited by Robertson's literary executor, Kerrison Preston, who has also written a short, good essay on Robertson to precede them. I took up the book, and read the introduction, meaning to sample, rather than read, the letters which followed, but I found that I kept returning to them until I had read all of the 528 pages.

What good letters these are! And how different they are from the tiresome pieces one occasionally receives from people who are straining to write good letters! They are casual and colloquial, but rarely trite or merely gossipy. They refer constantly to a background of opinions about life which Robertson shared with his unknown correspondent. They are salted with jokes and an attitude toward people which is wide-awake, without being cynical. They refer to all kinds of people, many of whom are famous in the world of art and letters, and although they are never scandalous they are often extremely frank. It is possible to read right through the book, or anywhere in it, with deep pleasure. Nor is this simply to say that the book is a lullaby for the mind—one of those volumes which one picks up in order to occupy the surface of the mind while one is really thinking about something else. It is all of a uniformly high quality and we must assume that this was the personal quality of Graham Robertson. He was one of those men whose worth lay in his own nature, rather than in the things that he did.

R. D.

LETTERS FROM GRAHAM ROBERTSON—edited by Kerrison Preston—pp. 528 with index and ten pictures—*British Books*—$6.00.

Sauce in Flying Saucers

The man from Mars has been a bogey to us earth-bound people. Mars sounds sinister, damnably belligerent. It is therefore beautiful upon the mountains—actually, upon a plateau in California near Desert Center and Parker, Arizona—to know that the feet of the first known un-Earthly visitor to come to Earth were from Venus, planet of lush love. George Adamski, self-styled "philosopher, student, teacher, saucer-researcher" took measurements of the footprints and a companion made plaster replicas of them.

The beatific reality occurred last year on November 20. Mr. Adamski not only saw footprints; he also saw the visitor and had wordless conversation with him. Suitably, too, the visitor from Venus who landed from a space ship, was lovely to behold, a man fairer than any human woman. "The beauty of his form surpassed anything I had ever seen, and the pleasantness of his face freed me of all

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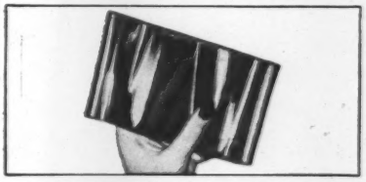

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thought of any personal self." (Like Venus it did!) "The flesh of his hand to the touch of mine was like a baby's, very delicate, but firm and warm."

The account gives a detailed description of the man from Venus, his ship, how he came and went, how the elaborate, telegraphic conversation was carried on. So humanly natural is it all that even Adamski seems surprised that he saw no zippers on the man's clothing.

One must regret that saucer-researcher George was so fascinated that he quite forgot to take any pictures. However, he made up for this omission when the Man from Venus returned last December 13. The visitor had taken away with him on the previous trip some exposed films which Adamski had had in his pocket that day. He came back to return them, thus illustrating that Venusians are not unpossessed of the Christian virtue of honesty.

The second time the visitor landed out of a clear morning sky right where Adamski keeps a touristy restaurant and performs many of his sky-eyed observations, at "Palomar Gardens", convenient to the Palomar Observatory of California. This time George and a friend had cameras ready and telescopic lenses attached; they took pictures of the space ship. One forms the frontispiece of the book. It is the first time that this reader has seen an actual photograph taken at close range (why the telescopic lens?) of an actual flying saucer.

There are other similar deniably authentic photographs, but none of the man himself. The visitor intimated that he did not want his picture taken lest he be recognized by other persons from his planet now living on Earth. George courteously refrained from clicking. There is, however, a photograph of Adamski himself, to prove that even he is real.

That's the last part of this remarkable book—its last sixty pages. The first 170 are by Desmond Leslie, a literate writer. There is a photograph of him, too, on the dust cover. A handsome type he is. Under it we read that he was born in 1921 of Irish, Scots, Saxon, French-Hungarian, American and Red Indian origins; was educated (equally imaginatively?) at Trinity College, Dublin; and that he has had three novels published. The dust cover does not claim this as his fourth.

Mr. Leslie contributes fetchingly-reasoned folk-lore, old science, mediaeval history and modern instances to build a minaretted case for the existence of flying saucers, men from other planets and such topics to bring science fiction down to science literature.

As curious as Mr. Adamski's story is Mr. Leslie's complete dissociation from it. By neither word, reason nor reference does his account have a direct relation to Part II of the book. He addressed his Part I to "the lonely heretic who likes to walk alone down strange untrodden paths; to him who believes that all things are possible, particularly those things held by other men to be impossible; to him who leaves no stone unturned, and to him who gives a second chance to 'the stone rejected by the builders' . . . To these I offer some very curious stones for the turning; taking no responsibility whatsoever for anything they may find underneath."

The book is a lot of fancy, fantasy and fun, better as entertainment than science fiction.

T. J. ALLEN

FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED—by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski—pp. 232—*Smithers & Bonellie*—$3.00.

In Brief

LETTER TO A PRIEST—by Simone Weil—pp. 85—*British Book Service*—$2.00.

This letter expresses, in the clearest possible way, thirty-five thoughts that had dwelt in Simone Weil for years and which she felt formed a barrier between her and the Church. She asks the French priest to whom it is addressed (they were both living in New York at the time, she waiting to join the Free French in London) for a definite answer regarding the compatibility of each opinion with membership in the Church. They concern questions of dogma and faith, and reveal, as do all her writings, her wide and deep knowledge of the world's religions and philosophical systems, her strong intellectual grasp of their significance for mankind and the energy of her fiercely inquiring mind.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH—by Will R. Bird—pp. 309—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

Careful research into the customs, costumes and even the slang and salty talk of the times gives this book about American Revolution days much of its interest. Forced from its Connecticut farm, the pro-British Marrack family has many wanderings and trials before taking ship with other Loyalists for Nova Scotia. There the Marracks build a new town and a new life.

In its exciting adventure, treachery, underplayed love story and all-odds-against-the-hero technique, this romance is a sort of "western" of the eastern seaboard, and the sharp authentic detail leaves some memorable impressions of pioneer days. The author lets the hero, Heber Marrack, tell the story, which he does in the first person all the way. As a man Heber has few excesses, but as a narrator he is betrayed by a passion for two things: the irrelevant incident and the short declarative sentence. When used repeatedly for three hundred pages, these are two of the most dangerous weapons in the whole literary arsenal.

WILLA CATHER—A Memoir—by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant—pp. 283—Photographs—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

Only when you lay down this book do you realize how subtly and skilfully each stroke has been placed to portray the bluff, gay, genuine, emphatic creator of Antonia and Lucy Gayheart. The author draws inspiration and information from a long friendship with Willa Cather which began in 1910 while Miss Cather was still on the staff of *McClure's Magazine* and continued, though less in-

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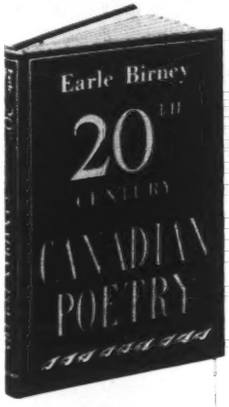

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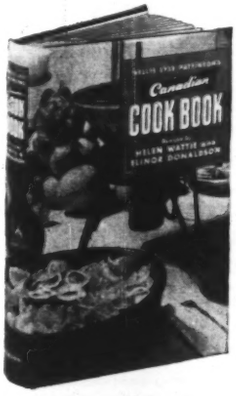

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timately, in the last two decades (partly because of the novelist's rejection of much in the post-war world and increasing withdrawal from it) until her death in 1947.

Miss Sergeant, herself a writer, is properly impressed by literary greatness without being blinded by it. With all her fine qualities as a person and a writer Willa Cather was at times taciturn, awkward and disdainful; the author of this informal memoir is, be it said to her credit, honest and irreverent enough to say so. Her appraisals of both the woman and her work are kindly but shrewd.

The tone is warm and appreciative without effusiveness; informal but a mile away from cosy. Miss Sergeant's style has a kind of spare New England severity that refreshes. Warmly recommended.

TWICE OVER LIGHTLY—by Eric Nicol—pp. 137—Illustrated—*Ryerson*—$2.25.

The quality of humor is not strained in this third and best of Eric Nicol's books. From the moment he pens the dedication "This was written for the Money," he is coasting along at ease through 40-odd little essays on subjects as diverse as women's feet, English week-ends and *Life* magazine. Using a semi-cynical tone and the colloquial style beloved of newspaper columnists (no surprise, since he *is* a columnist), he sometimes spoofs a celebrity and occasionally does a parody. More often, though, it is a threnody, a dirge for his own lost dignity, his dear departed peace of mind. This is Nicol at his most diverting, where he touches universal man. Jolts him, in fact, and right on the funny bone!

THE TRAIN IN THE MEADOW — by Robert Nathan—pp. 178—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00.

A sober little allegory about a deportation train stopped at the Border —between Now and Hereafter, as it turns out. Among the passengers are an art critic, a politician, a waitress-tart, a priest and a young boy, and as each shows his credentials and makes his declaration the author has a chance for some philosophic musing. There is a false pregnancy here, a promise of something great and profound that is never forthcoming; instead Mr. Nathan offers some well-worn ideas on art and government and the suggestion that men should love one another, a precept which was expressed in prose even simpler and more beautiful than his two thousand years ago.

MADELEINE'S JOURNAL—by Mrs. Robert Henrey—pp. 295—*Dent*—$3.25.

Sages do not sit for portraits by deGlehn, especially wearing Paris hats; yet there is wisdom in the head of this chic little woman on the dais, and sentiment and humor and an enduring love for humanity. Her stay with the artist and his wife is only one of the incidents Mrs. Henrey mentions in this chronicle of her daily life: she discusses dreams, art, visits with her son to her Normandy farm, conversations with friend and servant, letters and petticoats from America. Here is a woman in love with life and so she has a special tenderness for it.

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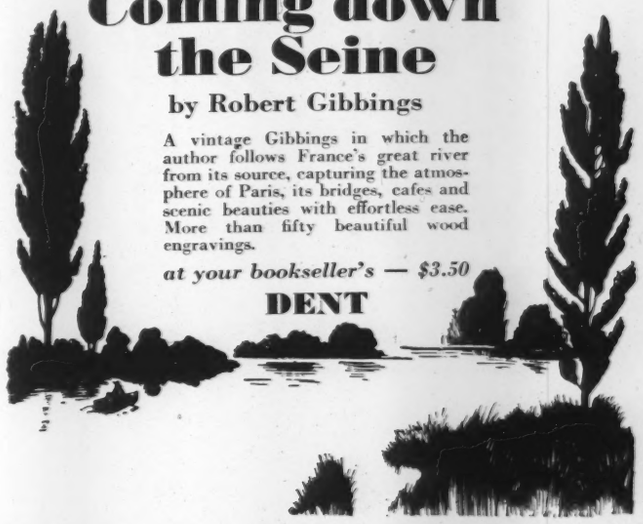

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Madeleine has the artist's genius for communication and she writes a colorful, spirited English lightly flavored with Gallic. New readers, as well as those who have enjoyed her other biographical books (*An Exile in Soho, The Little Madeleine*) should find this feminine journal of contemporary life a delight. R. M. T.

COUNTRY COUSIN—by Winifred Mantle—pp. 211—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.35.

Considering that this book does not contain a single new notion, it is remarkably successful as a piece of light, but not inconsiderable, fiction. It is the story of Miranda Page, who takes a junior post in a provincial English university, and although she is drawn toward a handsome professor, it is plain that she will end up with an argumentative student. This is what is called "a woman's book" and, after all, why not? B. E. N.

For The Young

LINDA GOES TO THE HOSPITAL—by Nancy Dudley—*Longmans Green*—$2.50.

The excellent object of this story is to dispel any fears a child may have about going to a hospital. Unfortunately the handling is a little too sentimental to be fully effective. However, we learn about how Linda had her appendix out, and we learn that hospitals are to make you well, rather than to frighten.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—illustrated by Roland Pym—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.25.

An ingenious adaptation of the old Victorian peepshow book, which gives six romantic, stagey perspective pictures to illustrate the fine old tale. This is 3-D for the nursery, charmingly produced.

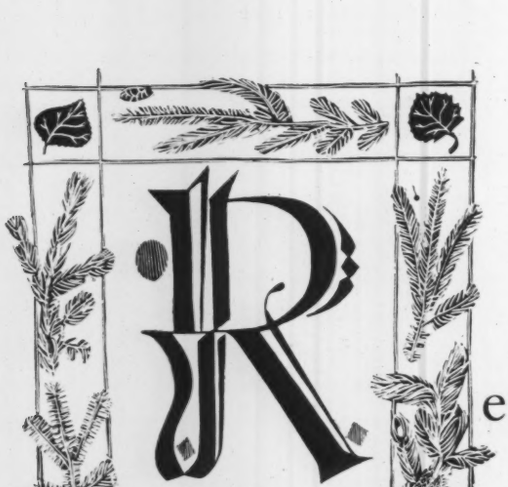
THE LITTLE FRIGHTENED TIGER—by Golden Macdonald and Leonard Weisgard—*Doubleday*—$2.75.

A jolly picture book about a timid tiger cub. His parents cure him by explaining that every animal is afraid of something, and the more he hears, the braver the little tiger becomes. Obviously helpful to apprehensive small people, and a very pretty book.

Up To Twelve

LITTLE WITCH—by Anna Elizabeth Bennett, illustrated by Helen Stone—*Longmans Green*—$3.00.

The story of Minakin Snickasnee, who was a witch's child, but wanted to be good and clean and go to school like other children. She finally achieves this drab ambition through the intervention of Fairy Moonfire, but not until she has had some lively adventures. The best of these, and one which will appeal to many parents, is when a visitor from the Parent-Teachers' Association is transformed into a rubber plant. The witch is at last turned into an ant-eater and hauled off to a Zoo. This is a good book, but not as good as it would have been if the author had not crushed her imagination into the corset of a Library School education; there is a reek of Progressive Education in the book which threatens at all times to drown out the Witch's Black Spell Brew. People who like magic better than



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education may grumble at it, but Good Clean Little North Americans will find it to their taste.

FREDDY AND THE SPACE SHIP—by Walter R. Brooks, illustrated by Kurt Wiese—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

Further adventures of Freddy, the popular pig, who sets out for Mars, but does not quite make it. This series may conceivably go on for ever, and appears to give great joy to children.

READING CAN BE FUN—Munro Leaf—*Longmans Green*—$2.75.

A thoroughly satisfactory book for children who are just beginning to read. Munro Leaf always pays children the compliment of treating them as intelligent beings, and his drawings make children laugh a lot. He has borrowed illustrations from many famous children's books to show beginners what they will be able to read when they have mastered their 26 letters; older children enjoy identifying these. Really educational, for it amuses and stimulates the child while teaching.

PETUNIA TAKES A TRIP—by Roger Duvoisin—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.25.

Children love Petunia, the simple goose whose earlier adventures are widely known. This time she reduces her weight in order to chase an aeroplane, but a storm blows her to a big city, where she is shown the sights by a policeman, before returning to the farm. The pictures are gay and charming and unmistakably French.

UNICORN MAGIC—by Daniel Counihan, illustrated by Moira Leatham—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

An excellent, imaginative story for intelligent children about Jeremy, Anne, Kelvin and Jane, who find a magic picture frame which will take them into any picture they put in it. After jaunts to Canaletto's Venice, and a Victorian music-hall, they set out to rescue a famous surgeon who is a prisoner in a country dominated by a dictator called Iron Boots. Part of the original charm of this book lies in the characters of Betsy Brass, the fairy godmother of the children, and a haughty little unicorn who makes the children mind their manners. A child's book of truly literary quality.

Over Twelve

GOLDEN SLIPPERS—by Lee Wyndham, illustrated by Vera Bock—*Longmans Green*—$3.25.

This is a junior version of women's magazine fiction, by an old hand at the game. An inexperienced girl is chosen for a small part in a film, the star has an accident, she finds fame and Mr. Right at the same moment, and announces her love on a television program. No cliché is omitted and the sugar content is so high as to be unwholesome.

MR. REVERE AND I—set down and illustrated by Robert Lawson—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

The story of the American Revolution, as told by Scheherazade, "once the most admired mount of the Queen's Own Household Cavalry, one-time toast of the Mustardshire Fencibles, late pride of His Majesty's 14th Regiment of Foot", and subsequently Paul Revere's own horse. A delightful book, full of guts, dash and style, and just the thing to make U.S. history interesting to Canadian young people. Anyone who knows Robert Lawson's books does not need to be assured that the pictures are superb.

MESSENGER BY NIGHT—by Mary Evans Andrews, illustrated by Avery Johnson—*Longmans Green*—$3.25.

An adventure story laid in modern Greece, telling about the vicissitudes of a Rhodian boy named Tasso, who works with the Resistance against the German occupation. Excellent, authentic, and likely to promote international understanding without being obvious or preachy.

HOW TO MAKE DOLL CLOTHES—by Emily R. Dow—*Longmans Green*—$2.50.

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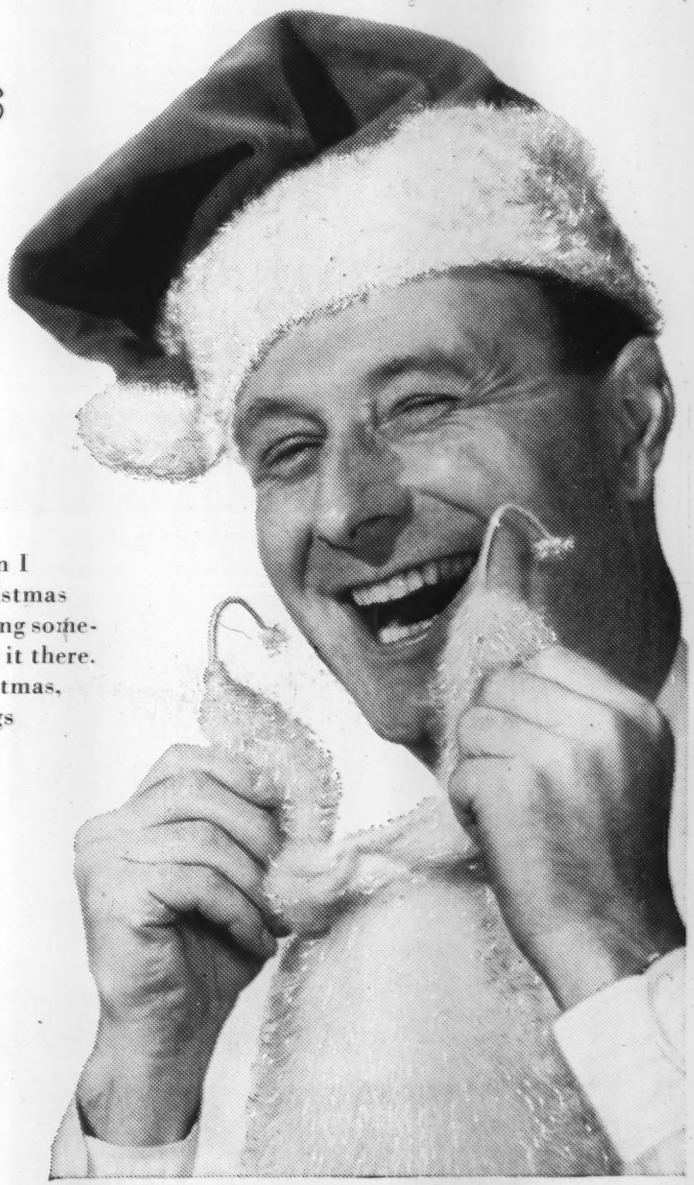

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Sports

Something For The Boys

TO COIN A PHRASE, Christmas comes but once a year and your agent has solved the problem of Junior's annual Christmas gift. There is no extra charge for this service.

Armed with an expense account, supplied by J. Kent Cooke, your agent spent a month roaming Western Canada, seeking a solution to the problem which confronts distraught parents each year at this time. We visited the National Park at Wainwright and turned down a pair of bison—too big. A rather seedy individual in Vancouver attempted to sell us the Lions Gate Bridge but, remembering Mr. Cooke's admonition never to speak to strangers, we resisted the impulse to complete the purchase. We were going to settle for Indian Jack Jacobs when Mr. Cooke telephoned, long-distance, and told us to board the next dog-team for the East.

It was when we were bedded down in Toronto, recovering from the Grey Cup Final, that our fevered hands picked up a volume from the lamp table. The book was entitled *The Hockey Book* and, by gum, to coin another phrase, here's the ideal gift for "every red-blooded Canadian boy between the ages of six and 60."

The author, or rather the editor, of this volume is William V. Roche, a newspaperman who was bitten by a puck-carrier. Mr. Roche, who has been collecting his material for nearly 12 years, has no literary pretensions, but he has done a remarkable job of collecting many of hockey's priceless anecdotes within the covers of one book.

Through the simple device of permitting the old hockey players to tell the stories under their own by-lines, he has added authenticity to the legends. The writing is Mr. Roche's, of course, but actually he has reported the words of the men whom he has interviewed so painstakingly in the past decade.

Of particular interest to your agent were those chapters "written" by Leo Dandurand. The suave Montrealer (who, incidentally, was born in Cook County, Illinois) brought Howie Morenz into professional hockey and, for our money, Morenz was the greatest of hockey players.

In July of 1923, all National Hockey League clubs were anxious to sign Morenz, who was a junior and who was working in the Canadian National Railway shops at Stratford. Dandurand was operating the race meeting at Delorimier Park, Montreal, and, consequently, he sent Cecil Hart to Stratford. Hart, at that time, had no official connection with Les Canadiens. Dandurand gave Hart two blank signed cheques and NHL contracts. Hart was instructed to give Morenz a substantial salary advance if he accepted the contract, and, since Morenz was a minor, he was instructed to have the contract counter-signed by the boy's father in the presence of a notary public.

Hart's mission was successful but, a month later, Dandurand received the following registered letter:

"Dear Sir:

"I am enclosing a cheque and contract to play hockey with your club.

"Owing to several reasons, of which family and work are the most to consider, I find it impossible to leave Stratford.

"I am sorry if I have caused you expense and inconvenience and trust you will accept the returned contract in a sportsmanlike way.

"Yours truly, Howard Morenz."

The letter was dated August 10 but it wasn't post-marked until August 23. Obviously, Morenz had debated his decision for 13 days after writing. Dandurand was in no mood to lose hockey's prize catch. He telephoned Morenz in Stratford, told him that there was a railroad ticket waiting at the station, and asked him to be in Montreal the next day.

The ensuing conference was painful for both parties. Dandurand, notably genial in his dealings with players, told Morenz flatly that he would force him to honor the signed contract. The miserable youngster broke down and wept. Between sobs, he said that he felt he wasn't good enough to win a place in professional hockey. He insisted that Dandurand was ruining his life. He said that Dandurand would live to regret the day that he had forced him into professionalism.

Even then, it is likely that Morenz never would have joined Les Canadiens if W. A. Hewitt, of the Ontario Hockey Association, hadn't warned him that he would be barred from amateur hockey, too, if he didn't honor his contract with Montreal.

Dandurand relates that the brilliant and temperamental Morenz never could settle down after a hockey game. After one of his first games in Montreal, he roamed the streets all night and didn't turn up until he reported for practice at the Mount Royal Arena at 10.30 a.m. next day.

As we say, Mr. Roche didn't produce his book with the idea of winning a Nobel Prize for literature. However, he has topped the cream from the hockey yarns and he has devoted considerable attention to the Torrid Twenties which were the so-called Golden Era of Sport. We wouldn't be surprised if the book produced quite a handsome dividend for his 12 years of work.

Well, there it is. After Christmas, you won't have to scratch your head when Junior asks: "Say, did you ever hear of a hockey player named Moose Jamieson?"

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Car Rentals Become a Lusty Business

By HARRY BOWLEY

THERE IS PROBABLY no spiritual exaltation to compare with that of the man who has just bought a new car. Only a spoilsport would remind him that the instant he pressed the starter he took a body-blow in first year depreciation; that before he can legally roll on to the road he must placate the government (average annual operating tax and licences across Canada run around $90); that insurance will probably set him back about 25c a day; and that, in short, unless he does a good deal of driving, his cost per mile is going to bear only the sketchiest relationship to the price of gasoline.

It is an ill statistic that blows nobody any good, and the high cost of car and truck ownership is one reason for the currently robust condition of this country's vehicle rental firms. Although those in the car and truck rental field like to refer to theirs as a young industry, it is older than many; probably the first such establishment in Canada was that started in Montreal by Samuel F. Tilden in 1925, with three cars. Tilden's have just severed a long-standing connection with the Hertz System to launch the first Canadian-owned system, and the largest in the country—the Tilden Rent-A-Car System, with about 700 cars and trucks in twenty-five Canadian cities. Five of the participating firms are Tilden branches, and the rest are franchised. The company expects to spread to twice that number of cities within a year.

Confident predictions are common coin these days in vehicle rental circles. One operator estimates the increase in business since the war as between four and five hundred per cent. One of Montreal's largest independent firms, Stanley Drive Yourself System Inc., intends during 1954 to add some 500 new trucks to its present complement of 125. Avis Rent-A-Car one of the three chain operators in Canada (the others are Tilden and Hertz) had only two Canadian affiliates eighteen months ago, both in the Toronto area; it now has eighteen across the country. Avis men feel they are just getting into their stride.

No official figures are available to show the number of cars available for rent in Canada, but informed guessers put it between 1,500 and 2,000. Montreal and Vancouver share top honors for number of firms operating, with 25 each; Victoria, strangely enough, places second with 10, and Toronto is a poor third with 7.

Two things stand out in this heady picture of prosperity. One is the growth of truck rental business; trucks account for perhaps 30 per cent of vehicle rentals today. The other is the increase in contract rentals.

If you rent a car for a day to take Aunt Martha for an outing in the country, the rent-a-car industry classifies you, albeit respectfully, as a transient. On the other hand, if you are the proprietor of, say, the Wee Willie Winkie Diaper Service and you want to rent your delivery trucks rather than buy them, you do so on a contract basis, usually by the year. This arrangement has its points. You have neatly sidestepped a large capital outlay. You are spared all problems of maintenance, repairs and insurance. And the matter of income tax deductions is greatly simplified. The rental firm supplies all incidentals, down to chains and anti-freeze in winter. You supply only the drivers.

The rental firm will probably take a close interest in the drivers' qualifications. A truck contract, says J. S. McFarland, head of Avis Rent-A-Car in Montreal, is only as good as the driver; his firm, along with many others, reserves the right to object to a driver whom it considers incompetent.

Truck fleets are rented to firms of all types and sizes. No Canadian company has as yet approached the status of the New York concern which rents 3,500 trucks, but in Montreal, Stanley Drive Yourself has a customer who rented seven trucks a year ago, rents 110 today, and before long will have taken on 165 more. On the other hand, there are customers whose needs run only to one or two vehicles. Rates are based on a combination of mileage and time, but there is no rigid rate structure. Contracts are worked out individually with each customer, because varying factors enter the picture, such as who will store trucks overnight, and who will supply gasoline.

While contract rentals are the big thing today—Tilden's in Montreal, for example, have over 75 per cent of their trucks rented on contract—transient truck rentals are on the increase, too. A more and more frequent customer is the citizen faced with the job of moving his household, and caught up in the current "do-it-yourself" trend. A truck can be rented for a fraction of the charge of a professional moving company, and labor can be enlisted free, unless one's friends are uncommonly churlish. Vehicle rental men like handling trucks. Customers are not much concerned with their appearance, and they need not be traded in as often as cars. The average rented truck covers between ten and fifteen thousand miles a year.

Fednews

HOW MANY RENTED? The number is steadily increasing and operators are optimistic about future growth.

Let us digress for a moment on a point of terminology. It seems that the word "drivurself" and its variants, solidly entrenched in the language for decades, are now on the way out. The trend is not yet firmly established in Canada. There is only one "Rent-A-Car" listed in the current Montreal telephone directory; there are the "Drive Yourself" and "Drive-Ur-Self" companies and one whimsically calls itself an "Auto Body Enrg." But the approved term in the United States is now "Rent-A-Car", and it is only a matter of time until "drivurself" is as much a linguistic period piece as "Victrola", "talkie" and "biplane". "Drivurself" is being eliminated largely because of an irritation that has plagued car rental men since their earliest days: the citizen who calls to ask innocently how much their driving lessons cost.

Like truck rentals, car rentals fall into casual and contract classifications. Contract customers are firms which rent cars for their salesmen and other mobile personnel, and for the same reasons that influence contract truck renters: elimination of capital expenditure, avoidance of maintenance worries, and simplified bookkeeping. Rent-a-car men view contract car rentals with less enthusiasm than contract truck rentals. Some firms seek out this type of business—Avis in Montreal has about one-third of its cars out on contract, and the proportion is growing—but others feel there is an element of risk involved. Contracts are usually worked out for a year, and in setting his charges the renter must take into account what he can expect to realize on a car when, at the year's end, it is sold or traded in on a new one—which it usually is. If the used-car market should plunge, the renter may find, too late, that he scaled his rental charges too low. A truck is a different creature altogether. It will bring in revenue for several years, at the end of which time its trade-in value is no longer of prime importance.

The Rent-a-car industry still nourishes a firm affection for the man who was its sole support in its infancy—the private citizen who just wants the use of a car for some specific occasion. Your credentials need not be too impressive to satisfy a rental clerk. The men behind the desks work by intuition as much as anything else in "qualifying the customer", as the trade term elegantly expresses it. They claim to have a well-developed knack for sniffing out undesirable applicants. This claim is bolstered by the fact that rented cars are involved in no more accidents, proportionately, than owner-driven cars and that cars are rarely stolen; those that are, are almost invariably recovered. Tilden's Montreal office reports only 150 accidents in 9,000 car rentals.

Footnote for the prudent: in provinces where vehicle insurance is not compulsory, make sure a car is insured before you rent it. Most firms carry complete insurance, but a few do not. And the law courts don't care whether the car you are driving is yours, the finance company's, or a rental firm's. Lacking an insurance company to pick up the tab, you may find yourself in sudden bankruptcy.

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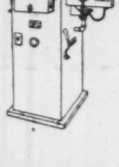
ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer



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Considering both your capital loss and the fact that the company has interests in 13 wells in Alberta and Kansas, selling would hardly seem advisable now. Oil reserves in Kansas are estimated at 1 million barrels and the company had sufficient cash ($370,960 at the end of 1952) to continue development work for some time.

The difficult question to answer with a small company such as this is whether sufficient production revenue can be obtained to offset costs. Should interest return to the general oil market, it seems possible that an effort will be made to market the 2.5 million shares remaining in the treasury and such efforts would likely induce an advance in the stock. Thus holding is advised for the short term with a stop loss order at 18 cents.

Golden Manitou

I HOLD SEVERAL *hundred shares of Golden Manitou Mines Ltd., bought at an average of 2.50 per share, and am wondering what the prospects are for this company. They stopped paying dividends nearly a year ago. Is it possible that dividend payments may be resumed in the near future? The shares are now quoted around 1.70. Do you foresee any appreciable rise soon?—A. W. J., Vancouver.*

At the present time it is very difficult to foresee either an improvement in the earnings of this company or an improvement in the price of the stock.

The long decline in the price from the 7.20 quoted in January of 1952 to the recent low of 1.45 has reflected fully the collapse of the boom market in zinc. From the lofty price of 19 cents it has fallen to 10 cents in New York and has held there for some time. Meanwhile, stocks of zinc in the United States have reached the highest levels in more than six years, while shipments and unfilled orders have declined sharply. On the demand side of the picture many industries are reducing their raw material inventories to 30 days' supply from the 60 and 90 day levels they had maintained before. Also, with the general level of industrial activity slowing, there does not appear to be much possibility of an increase in industrial demand, for many of the substitutions, such as aluminum, that were developed to replace high priced zinc have proved more satisfactory in many applications.

Finally, the stockpiling program in the United States is virtually complete and this was a major factor in stimulating the production of zinc. It is now estimated that the stockpile contains about one million tons of lead, more than 800,000 tons of zinc and from 800,000 to a million tons of copper.

From this picture it is evident that the most likely forecast is one of further price declines for base metals. Copper is the most critical at the present time with the Chilean Government holding a surplus in excess of 130,000 tons. Negotiations for the sale of the metal to the United States Government stockpile have broken down recently and should it be offered for sale in the world markets, the impact on the price of copper would likely be severe, for many countries hold large supplies. Britain, for instance, is estimated to hold two years' supply

Thus, at best, it would appear that Golden Manitou will have difficulty in maintaining operating profits at the 1952 level of $991,737 and earnings from the 50 per cent owned Barvue Mines are mainly committed to the repayment of the heavy indebtedness that has been incurred in bringing this property into production.

As net earnings, before taxes, for Golden Manitou were $227,000 for the first half of this year, it would appear that the first call on them would be to replenish the depleted working capital which showed a deficit of $746,115 at the end of 1952. With dividend resumption remote and the evidence hardly favorable, it would seem advisable to dispose of your interest in this stock at this time.

Pacific Petroleums

I HOLD *some shares of Massey-Harris which cost me around 11. To try and recover some of this loss would you consider it advisable to switch into Pacific Petroleums?—E. P. B., Ottawa.*

As the immediate possibilities of a recovery in Massey Harris seem to be rather poor at the present time, it might be advisable to switch into a stock with more possibilities of appreciation. In this regard your selection of Pacific Petroleums would seem correct. This company is one of the most aggressive leaders in the development of the western oil fields. In addition to its large interest in the Redwater field where reserves are estimated at some 17 million barrels, it has, with its affiliates, effectively developed the Fort St. John gas field to prove up some 1,750 billion cu. ft. of natural gas. Altogether, 35 wells have been drilled in this area.

Through another affiliate, Westcoast Gas Transmission, Pacific Petroleums is endeavoring to bring this gas to market in the Pacific Northwest States. Only the decision of the Federal Power Commission in Washington is required to set the project in motion, as financing for the line has been arranged for with both New York and Canadian financial groups.

On the basis of the oil and gas reserves, an approximate value of 7 is calculated and the action of the stock

has tended to reinforce this estimate. The low for the year was marked at 6¾ and after a recovery to 10 the price is edging back towards a test of this support with the last sale at 8¾.

Commercial Alcohols

WOULD YOU *please indicate your opinion as to the advisability of purchasing Commercial Alcohols Ltd. common at the present figure of around 3.00. I am interested in it not so much from a dividend standpoint as from appreciation.—R. C. H., Ottawa.*

The possibilities of capital appreciation in this issue would appear rather slight. Commercial alcohol, which is a major raw material required for many products, has suffered a wide price decline since early in 1951 when the price was 90 cents per gallon in the United States. The growth of synthetic processes, which now produce alcohols from a wide range of materials ranging from petroleum gases to the waste sulphite liquors left from paper making, has brought about a condition of over-capacity that recently depressed the offering price to 43 cents per gallon in the U.S.

In Canada, the new chemical plant of Shell Oil Co. in Montreal and the new plant of Canadian Chemical and Cellulose in Edmonton promise that competition for the Canadian alcohol market will be intense as the older suppliers, such as the distillers, struggle to maintain their sales.

This is partly reflected in the decline in net profits from the $346,990 shown at the end of March in 1952 to the $218,000 shown at the end of March this year.

The balance sheet shows that inventories of $739,505 are far in excess of the working capital of $390,492. The funded debt is $1,930,900.

The present price of 2¾, which represents a sizable decline from the high of 7¼ marked in 1952, provides an indication of the difficulties this company faces.

Sherritt Gordon

I AM THE HOLDER *of some Sherritt Gordon shares purchased at 5. No dividends have been received on these shares for several years. Would you advise selling at a loss or retaining same?—V. C., Merrickville, Ont.*

With the refining plant soon going into production, the railroad completed and concentrates being shipped out over it, this hardly appears to be the time to sell this stock.

When the refinery goes into operation, estimated annual output will be around 17 million lb. of nickel, 9 million lb. of copper, 300,000 lb. of cobalt and 70,000 tons of fertilizer. Considering the fact that all the expected output of nickel has been contracted for by the U.S. Government and four major steel companies, and the U.S. Government will take 50 per cent of the copper and 60 per cent of the cobalt produced, it appears that the combination of good management, good ore and the well proved refining process will be successful.

While the very heavy funded debt position precludes the possibilities of dividend payments for some time, the stock appears to have a very decided potential for capital gains. The long see-saw pattern the stock has developed under 4.75 indicates accumulation by long term buyers. Should the price rise above 5.75, the action would be interpreted as an indication for an upward move of considerable extent and duration.

East Sullivan

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of East Sullivan Mines. I bought shares at 7 and as they are now at 4, would you recommend selling now and taking a loss or holding? —A. W. M., Toronto.*

As the comment on Golden Manitou Mines shows, the outlook for base metal producers is not favorable. The decline in earnings and dividends by East Sullivan since the peak was reached in 1951 has been the prime factor in the decline of the stock from the 1952 high of 9¼ to the recent low of 4.

The six-months report released in August showed earnings per share amounted to 39.8 cents. This indicates that earnings will likely fall well under the $1.01 earned in 1952 and the $1.49 in 1951.

The dividends also reflect this trend, with 55 cents being paid this year against 75 cents last year and 85 cents in 1951. While the 55-cent rate now affords a yield of 13.7 per cent at 4, it provides a yield of 7.8 per cent on your purchase price of 7. It is possible that a further decline in the price of the stock could take place if earnings are threatened with a further reduction. It would appear to be advisable to protect your position with a stop loss order at 3.75 and hold the stock for income.

In Brief

WOULD YOU PLEASE *give me an opinion on the purchase of shares in Roxana Oils as a speculation?—W. H. G., Ottawa.*

It's a doubtful speculation.

WOULD YOU ADVISE *holding or selling New Continental Oil at the present price of 75 cents. It is less than half of what I paid for it.—C. L., St. James, Man.*

Hold.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Alliance Oils?—L. A., Springhill, NS.*

A sale.

I HAVE *a $500 bond of Jupiter Oils. Is further holding warranted?—D. M. C., Toronto.*

It is.

WOULD YOU RECOMMEND *buying any more shares of Century Mining? It is now quoted at 5½ cents.—J. D. M., Montreal.*

No. Take your loss.

WHEN I WAS *in Edmonton in 1908 I bought 100 shares of Twin City Oil Ltd. Can you tell me if they are of any value?—B. C., Sherdley Moulinning, Western Australia.*

These shares were struck off the register years ago.

W. P. SNEAD

For a Growing Business:

More Capital

Many important Canadian industrial concerns are built up from very small beginnings through the able management of a single owner or a partnership.

Often such enterprises subsequently incorporate as public companies and finance additional expansion by the sale of securities.

Perhaps the needs of your growing business require incorporation and the public sale of bonds or shares. Our organization, with many years of experience in financing growing Canadian industrial enterprises, will be able to help you.

Inquiries addressed to any of our offices will receive prompt attention.

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CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

FULLY COVERED?

Being under leaves can't hurt you—but being under-insured can expose you to danger . . . Be sure you are fully covered in Fire and Casualty Insurance by a company that excels in friendly service.

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG

The
SUDBURY DISTRICT

is probably the greatest source of mining wealth in the world

To substantiate our reasons for this statement we have prepared a report on some of the companies in this fabulous area, including International Nickel Company and Falconbridge Nickel Mines Limited, and some of the newer companies in the area.

You can obtain this report "free" and in addition we will send you our regular market bulletin "Scanning the Markets with Scanlon" and our special letters. You can do this without obligation by mailing the coupon below. This should only take a moment and could be rewarding.

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Please send me your report on the Sudbury Area, including such mines as International Nickel and Falconbridge, also Central Sudbury and Falgar Mining Corporation Limited; speculative securities in which you act as principal. Also your weekly market analysis "Scanning the Markets with Scanlon." There is no charge for this and no obligation on my part.

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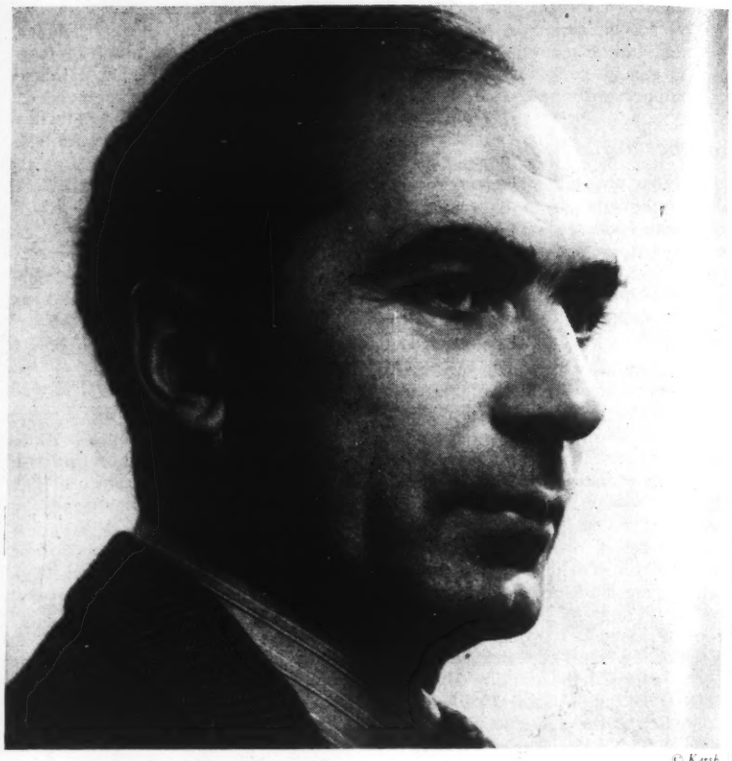
ADDRESS ..... *S.N.*

ROYAL BANK APPOINTMENTS

W. E. McLAUGHLIN

J. W. POWELL

Appointment of W. E. McLaughlin as an Assistant General Manager of The Royal Bank of Canada is announced to-day. Mr. McLaughlin, who has been Manager of the bank's Montreal Branch for the past three years, is a graduate of Queen's University and joined the bank in 1936. Appointment of J. W. Powell to succeed Mr. McLaughlin as Manager of Montreal Branch, is also announced. Mr. Powell has been Manager of the bank's Ottawa Branch since 1950.



DAL GRAUER: A power in the West. © Karsh

Who's Who in Business

ALBERT EDWARD GRAUER entered the industrial field for the first time in 1939. He had been better known, for some years, as a talented lecturer in economics at the University of Toronto, who had become Director of its Social Science Department.

He was 33 years old when he became General Secretary of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company; a scant seven years later, he was its President, and President of the holding company, the BC Power Corporation Limited, whose subsidiaries provided electric power and gas to almost half a million West coast customers in addition to operating the largest (311 vehicles) trolley coach fleet in Canada.

In the seven years since the athletic young professor—he played lacrosse for Canada in the 1928 Olympics — became BC Power's chief executive, the half-century-old company has more than doubled in size, streamlined its corporate structure, introduced welfare schemes and almost completed a $200 million expansion and modernization program. Such accomplishments have made silver-haired Albert Grauer's services much sought after, so that apart from his own firm's demands, he fills five national business directorships and six other administrative positions which range from chairmanship of the Vancouver General Hospital's Board of Trustees to membership in the Senate of the University of British Columbia where he got his B.A.

In the early part of his career, before he went to the University of Toronto as a lecturer, he picked up other degrees—a Ph.D. from the University of California and a B.A. in Jurisprudence from Oxford, which he attended as a Rhodes scholar. At that time he was planning a legal career and subsequently practised law with a Vancouver firm for about a year after being called to the bar in 1930.

Nobody calls him Albert. His nickname, Dal, is so generally accepted that when his company's latest substation was opened this year, his associates named it in his honor, "Dal Grauer Substation."

Dal Grauer, whose immigrant German father started the now world-famed (and still family-owned) Frasea Farms on Sea Island just outside Vancouver a few years before Dal was born, is dynamic and versatile. He does not play lacrosse any more, but he swims, potters about in his spacious garden, plays the piano, takes movie pictures of his six children (three boys), reads a good deal of biography, history and economics and is something of a gourmet. Headwaiters usually remember his knowledgeable comments.

He writes his own speeches, expresses himself succinctly, remains calm in a crisis and has an unerring —and disconcerting—habit of giving visitors the impression he knows as much about their own subject as they do themselves.

JOHN WILCOCK

Advertising

Agency Services

POSSIBLY in an effort to offset higher advertising costs, some advertisers have asked or expected from their agencies more service than could reasonably be expected, in return for the 15 per cent commission the latter receive from media owners. This sort of thing has often been encouraged by competition among the agencies themselves. As a means of avoiding misunderstandings and ensuring smoother co-operation in agency-client relationships, the Canadian Association of Advertising Agencies has issued a brochure, "Standards of Practice."

The CAAA consists of a group of 45 agencies who among them place over 90 per cent of the total national advertising appearing in Canadian media of all types. The brochure is a "recommended guide in matters of practice" covering compensation for agency costs incurred otherwise than in the preparation and placing of advertising.

Points covered include charging for materials for clients' sales meetings, travelling costs to such meetings, translations, client publicity, research, checking competitive advertising, and other service fees incurred "on the side". The guide is a corrective to advertisers under any misapprehension concerning the nature and extent of services that can reasonably be looked for from the agency in return for the 15 per cent commission.

More fluttering among agency dovecotes has taken place than is customarily seen at this time of year. J. E. McConnell has retired from the presidency of McConnell, Eastman Limited, to become chairman of the board. He has been president of the agency since its inception 50 years ago, a record that entitles him to be saluted as the Dean of Canadian Advertising. Mr. McConnell is succeeded in the presidency by his son, J. E. McConnell, Jr.

D. E. Longmore has been elected president of McKim Advertising Limited, with Major James McC. Baxter as chairman of the board. Mr. Longmore is succeeded as executive vice-president by H. R. McDougall.

Mingling with the mounting volume of Christmas gift and other seasonable advertising are many institutional campaigns. In addition to a Fall promotion for Atlas batteries and Marvelube motor oil, in a wide list of publications supplemented by radio and poster, Imperial Oil is running a series of 800-line ads stressing the growing importance of oil in Canada's economy. Question-and-answer copy tells the dramatic story.

How to advertise the "hidden" product is seen in a campaign released by Dow Chemical Company of Canada, Ltd. The initial ad is a full page in newspapers illustrating a wide variety of products made of "Styron—a Dow Plastic." Names of ten manufacturers using Styron as basic raw material are listed. The copy urges consumers to "Look for the label" and assures that any product carrying the label has been "evaluated for sound design, good workmanship, beauty and utility."

A similar promotion by Fiberglas Canada, Ltd., draws attention to "what's beneath that gleaming surface" of an enamelled stove or refrigerator to increase its effectiveness. Says the copy: "When you see the little Fiberglas label you know the oven is wrapped in a fleecy blanket of Fiberglas insulation . . ."

Other institutional advertising recently released includes O'Keefe's tribute to Ontario's hotels as "a Community Asset"; and the wide presentation of the theme "On Guard Over Canada," by Canadair Limited. The Dairy Foods Service Bureau's institutional support of dairy foods continues with strong sales copy based on the text, "It's always better with butter!"

Stimulated by the arrival of cold weather, Biltmore Hats, Ltd., Guelph, have released a campaign for men's hats. Style rather than comfort will be the theme. A campaign for Orlon, a new fabric for Canadian Industries Limited, will appear throughout 1954. It will reach consumers through week-end magazines, and trade papers will cover retailers and clothing manufacturers.

JOHN CARLTON

Be *sure* she'll be thrilled!

Kenwood

ALL WOOL

Blankets

If she dreamily mentions (or you hear through the grapevine) that her bedroom is to be a "pink room", a "blue room" or perhaps an unsual combination of colours...*then she'll get an extra thrill when you present just the right harmonizing note in a* KENWOOD BLANKET.

No garden bouquet could offer a lovelier collection of colours than you'll find in Kenwood's single-tone or tone on tone blankets. And for ALL-WOOL comfort, a Kenwood makes a wonderfully acceptable gift for any occasion. It provides dependable warmth throughout its many years of wear. It retains its beauty of colour and fluffy light-weight after many tubbings.

So—to be sure she'll be thrilled—give KENWOOD!

Made in Canada by
KENWOOD MILLS LIMITED
Arnprior, Ontario

IT IS NOT A KENWOOD WITHOUT THIS LABEL

There's still no substitute for ALL-WOOL

Pure wool is your *warmest* protection against the cold, and despite the progress of science, there is still no equivalent for warmth without weight in a blanket.

Insurance

Package Policy

A PACKAGE policy growing steadily in favor with retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers since its introduction in recent years, is the Comprehensive Dishonesty, Disappearance and Destruction policy. A logical modern outgrowth of Fidelity bond coverage this is, in effect, a combination of the broad forms of dishonesty and crime insurance—five insuring agreements in one instrument of protection.

It is comprehensive in that the name of the policy means, in plain language, just what it says. If the insured sustains a loss of money or securities, or both, all he has to do is to prove that he had them, even if the loss is in the unexplainable class.

The five insuring agreements combined in this instrument are: (1) the Blanket Fidelity Bond which guards against employee dishonesty; (2) the Money and Securities Broad Form which guards against loss within the premises; (3) the Money and Securities Broad Form which guards against loss outside the premises; (4) Securities Insurance which guards against loss from Safety Deposit Boxes; and (5) Depositors Forgery Insurance which guards against forgery of the insured's cheques.

With these, if desired, six other insuring agreements may be added as selected, by endorsement. These are: Incoming Check Forgery; Open Stock Burglary; Open Stock Theft; Broad Form Payroll Inside and Outside Premises; Broad Form Payroll Inside Premises Only; Open Stock Burglary and Limited Theft; Forgery of Warehouse Receipts.

While these agreements may be combined as desired in a single package policy, it should be borne in mind that each is a distinct and separate coverage with its own exclusions, equivalent exactly to the coverage granted by an individual policy. The advantage is that these policies are the broadest obtainable in their fields.

In the No. 1 insurance agreement, the Blanket Fidelity bond, it should be noted that two forms are available. Form A is identical with the Primary Commercial Blanket bond while Form B is the Blanket Position bond. The difference is in the aggregate amount of liability for any one embezzlement. For this, the amount stated in Form A is the limit, regardless of the number of employees.

Form B, which costs more, states the liability for any one embezzlement as the amount of the bond multiplied by the number of employees involved.

Under the second and third insuring agreements in the Three D policy, full protection is offered against the hazards to which money or securities may be exposed by a holdup man or a burglar cracking the safe. Their acts may cause money to be burned to a crisp, or soaked to a wet unidentifiable mess. They may just make it disappear, but it doesn't matter; the policy covers it. Standard fire insurance does not cover burned money or securities.

The insured may take money home at the end of the day with the intention of depositing it in safe custody next day during banking hours. It is covered while in his possession. If a night deposit box is used, the second insurance agreement may be extended to cover that without extra charge. These agreements also cover damage to premises and property by burglarious entry, safe burglary or robbery.

Insurance agreement No. 4 covers loss of securities within the premises of the designated depository. Money can be insured under this agreement by endorsement and additional premium. Exclusions include acts of the insured's employees or authorized representatives and also manuscripts, records or accounts.

Forgery of any cheque, draft, promissory note, bill of exchange or comparable promise to pay a certain sum of money made by the insured or purported to have been made by the insured is covered under insurance agreement No. 5. The loss may be due to a forged raising of the amount of the cheque, forged endorsement or any act whereby the bank honors a cheque of the insured which has been fraudulently altered. Under this agreement the insured's bank is also insured so that it will not be held liable for loss.

WILLIAM SLATER

SCOTLAND'S GIFTS TO THE WORLD

CURLING

SIR HARRY LAUDER

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

THE STEAM ENGINE

QUEEN ANNE
RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT
BY APPOINTMENT
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS
TO H.M. THE KING

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
CONTENTS 26⅔ OUNCES
EDINBURGH
MADE IN SCOTLAND

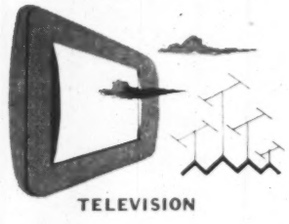
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Among Scotland's many gifts to the world is Queen Anne Scotch Whisky. It is a light whisky full of character and exquisite flavour. Enjoy it throughout the Festive Season. Remember, too, that as a Christmas gift Queen Anne Scotch Whisky is always welcome.

THE QUEEN MARY

GOLF

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



TELEVISION

QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH

Bonds

The Food Companies

MODERN MERCHANDISING is changing the buying habits of a nation. There has been a swift and ever increasing trend away from the old corner grocery store to the large chain stores. Fast disappearing, particularly in urban areas, are telephone orders, buying on credit, and deliveries. Replacing these are self-service, cash purchases, and self-delivery.

Among our Canadian food chains that have made the greatest strides since the war, three companies stand out in particular, Dominion Stores, Loblaws, and Steinbergs.

We have singled out Dominion Stores for discussion for two reasons: first, because it is the oldest incorporated food chain in Canada, and second, because its scope of operations in Eastern Canada is wider than either of its competitors.

From a small beginning in 1919 the company has had a chequered career of expansion and contraction, poor management and good management. The year 1938 was the company's turning point. The present management took over 464 stores at that time when the operation was losing money, their stores were outmoded, many locations were poor and equipment was dilapidated. The company had, however, one strong asset, a working capital of two million dollars.

Since 1938 Dominion Stores' history has been one of continued efficient, aggressive growth. The 464 stores have been reduced to 202, doing seven times as much business. Working capital has increased over four times. Older stores have been either closed or completely modernized, and Mammoth markets are being built at an accelerated rate. The changes that have taken place in the company and the changes in consumer buying habits have their counterpart in changed methods of financing. Large and rapid expansion of the type carried on by Dominion Stores calls for large amounts of capital funds and an unimpaired working capital position. These heavy demands for capital funds have been met for the most part by a comparatively new arrangement called "Sale Lease Back." This, in brief, is a formula: "Buy—Build—Sell—Lease."

It works this way. The company buys acreage as a site for a new market. They build the market, then sell both land and buildings to a financial institution at cost. The institution then leases the building back to Dominion Stores on a long term basis. In short, the company pays the institution a monthly rental which includes principal as well as interest, just the way an individual pays off a mortgage. The company is, of course, responsible for maintenance and taxes. At the expiry date of the lease Dominion Stores may take possession of the property or re-lease it, depending on the terms of the contract. Each contract is tailored to fit each individual circumstance. Some leases carry covenants allowing the company to repurchase the land and buildings at a predetermined price.

This arrangement of financing has one big advantage for Dominion Stores. It releases their capital as soon as the fixed assets are sold, for the building of another market. Without this fluid movement of funds, no large or rapid expansion could take place.

Dominion Stores, however, has done some public financing. In May, 1952, a $5 million 5 per cent debenture issue due 1972 was offered to investors. This issue was sold primarily to provide the company with additional working capital to buy land and erect buildings at an accelerated rate. The funds have been well employed and choice locations have been obtained in advance.

This issue of debentures is the senior security of the company, in the hands of the public. It is well protected by net tangible assets of at least $3000 for each $1000 debenture. The debenture holder is protected against the issuance of bonds or debentures senior to this issue by a covenant that makes these securities rank equally with any other contemplated issue, first mortgage or otherwise. A strong sinking fund will come into operation in May, 1954, which is designed to retire 75 per cent of these debentures by maturity.

As evidence of the growth potential of Dominion Stores, the common shares of the company sell to yield approximately 3.33 per cent on the present dividend. As a contrast, the debentures give a return of about 4.85 per cent on the investment.

A recent issue of Steinberg's Limited was $2½ million 5¼ per cent Sinking Fund debentures due October 1, 1973, priced at 100. This brings their total debentures outstanding up to $7½ million. Like Dominion Stores, the debentures are well protected by assets, and earnings, and have a strong sinking fund.

Steinberg's have a very ambitious program under way. It is understood that eight Supermarkets are either in various stages of construction or planned for completion by the end of 1954.

An issue of Loblaw's Groceterias 4¾ per cent debentures due March 1, 1973, was sold privately earlier this year. The details of this issue could not be obtained from the underwriters.

As the major portion of capital requirements is obtained by the Food Companies on Sale Lease Back arrangements, future public issues of Dominion Stores, Loblaws and Steinbergs may be comparatively rare.

Debentures presently outstanding are difficult to obtain, and any possible future issues will warrant the careful consideration of investors.

J. ROSS OBORNE

Have you any

IDLE MONEY?

Sometimes, money that could be up and doing . . . working hard . . . earning its keep . . . just lies idle. Such money could be invested to provide additional income and very often, capital gain.

Have you some idle funds . . . perhaps more cash than you need for current expenses? If you have, why not decide now to put it to work by investing it in bonds and stocks?

We have been advising investors for over 31 years, and undoubtedly we can be of assistance to you. Just write or telephone . . . or better still, come in and see us.

McLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & COMPANY
LIMITED

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Telephone: EMpire 4-0161

276 St. James Street West, Montreal
Telephone: HArbour 4261

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Hamilton Kitchener London

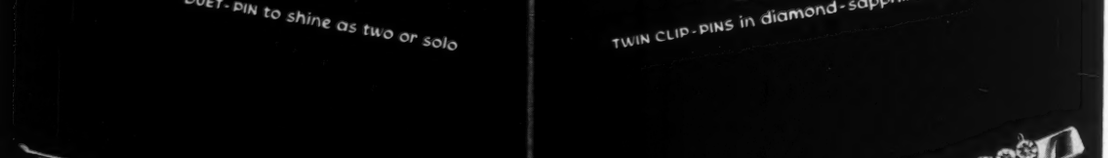
EATON'S

CENTRAL STAR dew-set in Sapphire swirl

PEAR DIAMOND enshrined in platinum

DUET-PIN to shine as two or solo

TWIN CLIP-PINS in diamond-sapphire bow



A CONSTELLATION in jewelled rhythm . . .

FOR A BOUQUET of stars around a wrist

Diamonds

From the heirloom and modern
precious gem collections at EATON'S.
The traditional EATON Guarantee
inspires your complete confidence.

EATON'S — CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION • STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Food

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, President Eisenhower and Premier Laniel of France will be staying at the Mid-Ocean Club during their conference in Bermuda. For dinner, they are likely to be offered one of the Club's specialties—steak, kidney, oyster and mushroom pie.

We obtained the recipe from Manager J. A. Papps when we were there last month. Here it is:

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. filet of beef
¾ lb. mushrooms
2 doz. oysters
½ lb. kidneys
1 bottle red Burgundy wine
½ lb. flour
½ lb. butter.

Poach oysters for about 10 minutes in water, to which lemon and salt has been added. Cut up beef into small pieces, salt and season, using pepper from pepper mill. Prepare kidneys the same way. Then sauté each quickly over a very hot fire, using equal quantities of butter and the best oil, and to each frying pan add a good glass of red wine.

Roll oysters in crumbs and fry them. Mix the other ingredients together in the mushroom pan and add a little juice of lemon. If, at this point, there is not enough gravy, add a little red wine or consommé, and leave the whole to simmer a few minutes. Prepare the pie with the oysters and a sliced hard boiled egg or two. Then cover the whole with your pastry and cook in a hot oven. Serves six persons.

Another Bermuda food item which the conference party may find on the menu is Banana Bread. The chef of The Castle Harbour Hotel gave us his recipe:

Cream ½ cup of shortening and 1 cup of sugar. Add 3 beaten eggs, and 3 to 5 bananas. Sift together 2 cups flour, ½ tsp. salt and 1 rounded tsp. soda. Add the other ingredients and mix only until well blended. Pour into greased loaf pan, and bake in 350° oven for about one hour. The bread is done when the top springs back when touched.

Paul Renaud, the Maître d'Hôtel, recommended this bread, toasted, for "high tea."

Sea food is, of course, popular in Bermuda, so we obtained this recipe for clam fritters from the chef at the Bermudiana Hotel, in Hamilton.

INGREDIENTS:

12 large clams, chopped small
½ cup milk and clam liquor
1 egg

Beat the last two ingredients together and add the clams. Then sift together 1 cup flour, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. baking powder, and add to the clam mixture. Drop 1 oz. or a heaping tablespoon of the mixture in deep fat, at 375°F. Fry 3 to 5 minutes.

MARGARET NESS

NAMED *"GI" to honor the U.S. Army, this rose made its debut in 1948.*

Women

THE Anglo-Saxons called December "heligh monath" (holy month), because of Christmas. The December jewel is the turquoise, one of the most ancient stones of royalty. Significance of the birthstone: prosperity.

Mary P. Edwards has been appointed Director of Nursing Services for the Saskatchewan Department of Public Health. A graduate of Regina General Hospital School of Nursing, the University of BC and with a Bachelor of Nursing from McGill, Miss Edwards has been with the Saskatchewan public health department since 1942.

Turbans seem to be popular with British milliners . . . frail evening turbans glittering with jewels, eastern potentate styles in white panne and the head-hugging fur turbans of Tibet.

High school students in Ottawa have organized a students' council of representatives from the various schools, to promote interest in the concerts of the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra.

Weddings: Ann McMurren, daughter of John McMurren, of Toronto, to Carl Laurier, son of the Hon. Robert Laurier, of Outrement, Que., and grandson of the Hon. S. N. Parent, former premier of Quebec; Marie Lucille Deveau, daughter of Dr. George Raymond Deveau, of Arichat, NS, to Olaf Samuelson, of Stockholm, in Rio de Janiero; Barbara Joan Link, daughter of C. H. Link, MBE, of Montreal, to Jacques St. Amour, of Strathmore, Que.; Grace Isabella Manson, staff artist with the Extension Department of the University of BC, to Ernest Harmon Denning Inglis, of Vancouver; Joan Dorothea Malloy, daughter of R. Malloy, to John Wallace Rawley, son of Ernest Rawley, both of Toronto.

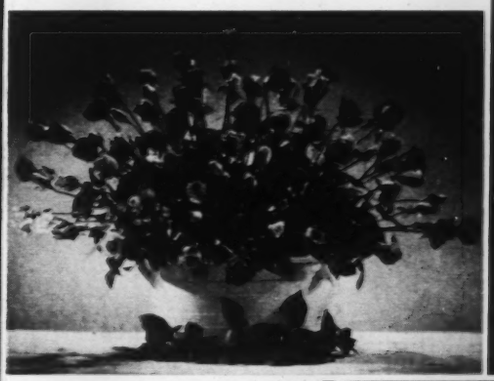
Conversation Pieces:

THE ROSE was given the title "The Queen of Flowers" by the early Greeks. The Romans used to carve a rose on the tombstone of a maiden. When Cleopatra entertained Marc Anthony, she ordered the floors of his palace strewn with roses. Certain villages in France crowned, with a wreath of roses, the girl chosen as the most virtuous in the community. In the 17th century, roses were so rare that a small bottle of rose water was considered a suitable gift to royalty. And, of course, there is Gertrude Stein's "A rose is a rose is a rose."

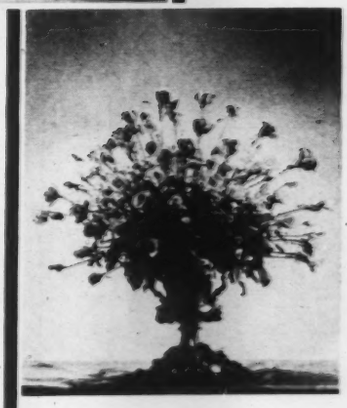
Roses Incorporated, New York, is an international association of some 250 greenhouse rose-growers, including the dozen or so big Canadian firms, mostly located in Ontario and Quebec. It was founded over 15 years ago to study methods of improving the quality of roses.

Italian designer "Fontana" is not just one person. It's three sisters and their mother, who run the designing house founded some 200 years ago; today there is a 16-year-old niece almost ready to join, whose first design was bought by Narriman, then Queen of Egypt. One of the three Fontana sisters was in Montreal recently. European women, she said, do not have as large wardrobes as those in North America. They prefer a few good ensembles, varied by accessories.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



ROSES *in a white foot bath, made of old English pottery, circa 1830, from Davis of London, Toronto, $35.*



INTERESTING *arrangement in an old wine cooler, made in Sheffield, England, circa 1850, from Davis of London, Toronto, pair $195.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen.

Roses, courtesy Roses Incorporated.

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LONDON - OPORTO - JEREZ

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

The Junior League of Toronto held a Golden Key Ball on Dec. 3, selling keys that opened a treasure chest of donated prizes, to raise money to carry on their varied services.

In a book published in 1903, a debutante in Montreal was described as: "a recent addition to the young society ladies of the commercial metropolis."

Description we overheard of the gamin Italian haircut: it looks as if the person had been chased down an alley.

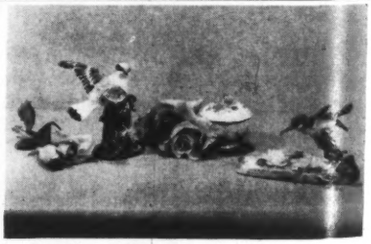
For the first time in its history, the Local Council of Women of London (Ont.) is actively supporting a candidate for alderman. She is Mrs. Edwin Fullerton.

STYLIZED *arrangement of roses with china ornaments as additional interest.*
Photo: Ed Herbert

On the Christmas

glamour gifts to appeal

BLACKAMOOR *in white, black and gold, holding deep red roses.*
Akron Studios



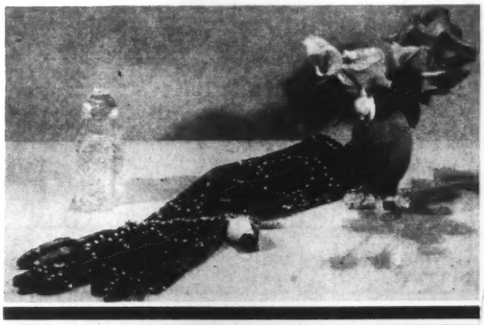
CHINA ORNAMENTS: *l, wheat-ear bird in Crown Staffordshire, $19; centre, Dresden box, made in Germany, $4.50; Kingfisher bird in Crown Staffordshire, $16.50. At Ridpath's Toronto.*

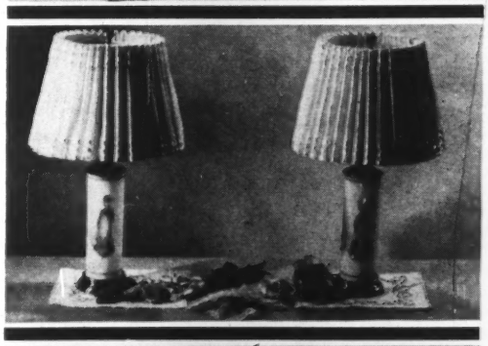
UNUSUAL *container is this old-fashioned wash-stand pitcher, a contrast to the glamorous roses.*

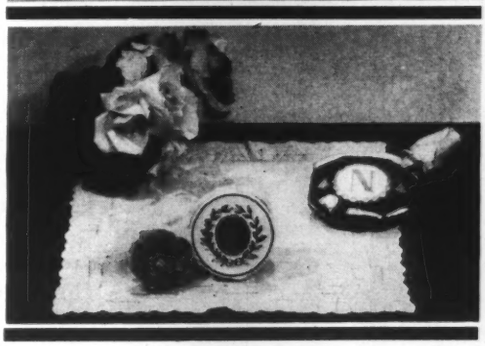
Photo: Andrew Grupp

List

every woman







TOP: *Chantilly lace gloves, pink Chenille embossed, from France, $10.50; Handcraft jewelled bracelet, from Germany, $85. Morgan's, Toronto.*

CENTRE: *Lady Godey lamps, milk china, each $35. Thornton-Smith, Toronto.*

RIGHT: *Napoleon crested compact, (centre foreground) solid powder available in seven shades. Elizabeth Arden, $2.25.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen

Elizabeth Arden

Glitter Ball

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"Suffer a Sea-Change"

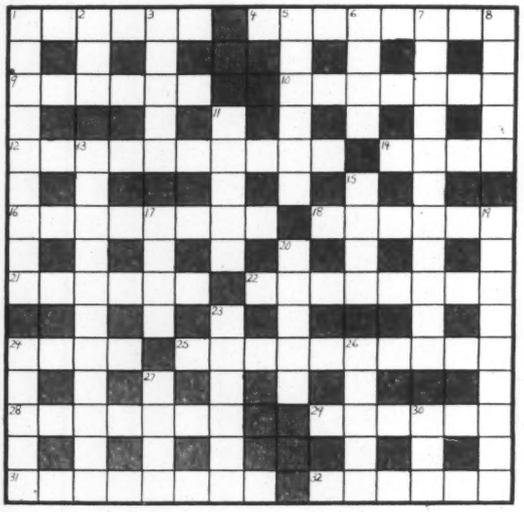
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 4. As bookish natives of Majorca might refer to the Mediterranean. (3, 3, 6, 2)
9. I'm taking 24 down up, when beheaded. (6)
10. Man with the makings of a poet. (7)
12. Is their sea sterner in upheaval than the Pacific. (10)
14. A stipend endowed makes them meet. (4)
16. Created by far tides and 10. (3-5)
18. 9? Oh, be quiet! (4, 2)
21. They turn back if 14. (6)
22. This holy man, by losing a letter, got in the limelight! (8)
24. You can pass over this one! (4)
25. Lewis wasn't thinking of a sea-way when he wrote this. (4, 6)
28. But one who is, is not necessarily filing! (7)
29. There is no outfield for these sports. (6)
31. He shares his ocean fare with another, no doubt. (8)
32. Otherwise Korzeniowski, whose tales were of 1 across. (6)

DOWN

1, 1 across. Hugo's were able-bodied seamen, no doubt. (7, 2, 3, 3)
2. Wood the helmsman holds. (3)
3. Canadian whiskey's going up, that is, shortly! (5)
5. Galley slaves as 1 down, 1 across. (6)
6. What fun it is finding one inside. (4)
7. Will show a modern state needing rebuilding. (11)
8. See 15. (5)
11. "I must go down to ls across again—where the wind's like a whetted . . ." (Masefield) (5)
13. O go with a pogo stick to catch these, perhaps. (3, 8)
15. When this 8 from view, it's not necessarily submerged. (4)
17. Did their dominating officer do this to the WAVES? (4)
19. Cut and prune haphazardly without an article on, may get you pricked. (9)
20. 1 across that has many breakers? (5)
23. It takes a sailor to get this. (6)
24. A shot of rum on the endless sea. (5)
26. The dance loses nothing if you get a taste for it. (5)
27. Determined to get the business? (4)
30. And this is our finish. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Back page
5. Affair
9. Sinecure
10. Stella
11. Cannibal
12. Chorus
14. Bear in mind
18. Sir Galahad
22. At home
23. Pinafore
24. Invert
25. Eggplant
26. Tickler
27. Sturdily

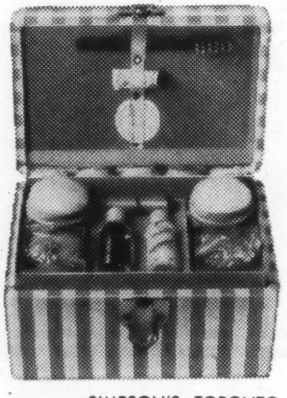
DOWN

1. Bisect
2. Canine
3. Pectin
4. Garbage man
6. Fetching
7. Allergic
8. Roadside
13 and 21. Breaking it gently
15. Iscariot
16. Cry havoc
17. Palm tree
19. Damper
20. Bon ami
21. See 13

(290)

Elizabeth Arden

Gay Circus-Striped



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Films

The Story of Martin Luther

MARTIN LUTHER marks a very odd turn in the Industry's current fever-chart, and may represent a simple remedy for the screen's over-diagnosed ills. It is a sober historical study that succeeds strictly on its merits, without help from exploitation, spectacle and high-budgeting; and it handles a highly controversial subject without queasiness.

Martin Luther was produced by Louis de Rochemont and directed by Irving Pichel. These are the only familiar names on its credit list. The film was sponsored by a group of Lutheran organizations, who apparently wanted it simply for the record and had no idea that a picture based largely on doctrinal disputation would be acceptable to a wider public than the religious group they represented. As it turned out, however, the wider public was fascinated by the sheer novelty of a period drama that took its historical responsibilities seriously. So *Martin Luther* was put on a commercial basis and appears to be doing a land-office business wherever it is shown.

The story of the Monk of Wittenberg, as presented here, is considerably, and perhaps inevitably, simplified. It is not explained, for instance, how Martin Luther was able to draw the great German princes over to his side in the doctrinal struggle with the Papacy, and there is no hint anywhere that, in addition to being a religious genius, Luther was also a leader capable of taking a calculated political risk. The picture deals almost exclusively with the theological concepts which Luther developed—the justification by faith, the Papal abuse of indulgences, the direct relation between man and his Creator. Its drama lies exclusively in the conflict these ideas created between their promoter and the Church of Rome. Its climax comes with Luther's memorable stand before his accusers and his own conscience when called to account at Worms: "Here I take my stand. I can do no other. May God help me."

As played by Niall MacGinnis, Luther emerges as a grave, resolute and intrepid figure. There is little hint in the MacGinnis performance, however, of the sheer violence of emotion and belief that hurled Martin Luther into the most dangerous arena of his century, and this may be the reason that the picture, in spite of its admirable treatment of its material, tends at moments to drag a little. The founder of Protestantism was something more than a troubled but intrepid churchman. He was a figure that strode across history, shaking old beliefs and affirming new ones, a man whose passion and vehemence were strong enough to split the Church he felt called upon to save. He was, in fact, a God-intoxicated man; and while the sobriety of Niall MacGinnis's performance serves the general purpose of the film, it throws only a mild and rather uncertain light on the great central character himself.

A much more incisive portrayal is given by Philip Leaver as Pope Leo X, whose system of raising funds through the sale of indulgences was sharply challenged by Martin Luther. Mr. Leaver's splendid prelate moves through his scenes with the imperturbability of a creature at ease in its natural element. As a study of one of the great Medicis of the sixteenth century, it could hardly be surpassed.

Apart from its moments of papal splendor, *Martin Luther* is a singularly modest film. Its success seems to indicate that the public is prepared at this point to exchange spectacle for honesty and conviction.

The Malta Story brings an exceptional cast—Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steele and Flora Robson—to a film which describes the siege of Malta in the days when Rommel was still triumphantly on the march in North Africa. With her supply lines cut by submarine warfare and her landings constantly bombed by enemy planes, Malta held out doggedly, cutting her rations, repairing her demolished air-strips and waiting for the rescuing Spitfires. *The Malta Story* is largely the story of air attack and defence, and the film follows in close documentary detail the exploits of the Island's attenuated air force during the most perilous days of the siege. It also traces, though rather perfunctorily, a love-affair between a pretty Maltese girl and a visiting British flyer (Alec Guinness). Mr. Guinness, though alert and competent in a romantic role, was a good deal more fun to watch in *The Captain's Paradise* when he was dodging between Morocco and Gibraltar as a travelling bigamist.

The Glass Web is the latest venture in three-dimensional film, and though it is no worse than some of its predecessors, it isn't noticeably better. The photography was murky, the sound-track appeared to be bedevilled by the new treatment, and the effort of peering around in depth while trying to keep both plot and polaroid glasses in focus hardly seemed worth the trouble.

The film stars Edward G. Robinson as a sort of producing consultant on a television program called "Crime of the Week."

Three-D, antic as ever, threatens the audience with a fire ladder, turns the hose on it, and delivers a ton of coal in its lap. What will they think up next?

What they won't think up next, under any circumstances, is a Three-D story that rises above the level of a third-rate radio mystery.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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The above photograph of Mrs. IRENE CRAWFORD and her daughter FREDERIKA —taken in their HOME by Ashley & Crippen Studio, Toronto.

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The Backward Glance

Eight Years Ago This Week

IN THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for Dec. 8, 1945, we found an article titled "Labor-Management Crisis Has Wide Implications," written by Charlotte Whitton, in the years when she was called "Dr." Whitton and had not yet taken to the politics and parochial jousts (to say nothing of the plowing matches) of later years when she was to become Ottawa's mayor. Another short article by Fausto Pecorari told the story of the death of Princess Mafalda, daughter of the King of Italy, in Buchenwald concentration camp during the war. Nazism was no respecter of persons, but there was something fantastic in the idea of Hitler having imprisoned the daughter of his chief ally's King in a concentration camp.

Whenever a journalist found himself in Hong Kong in the years before the Chinese Reds came to camp across the harbor, he always wrote a piece about the Chinese Pirates who ply their trade in the adjacent waters. No exception was Charles Hall who brought the old subject back to SATURDAY NIGHT under the title, "Chinese Pirates Are Back in Business." In a delightful take-off of an old piece of journalistic sentimentality, Mary Lowrey Ross wrote "Yes, Virginia, There Is Such a Thing As a Psychiatrist."

Under "Travel" Ewart Young told us, in an article called "Labrador to Compete in Postwar Travel," that the Lake Melville area of Labrador would become "the bright spot on tomorrow's travel folders." Well, let's say on the day after tomorrow's anyway. We have sailed the 90-mile length of Lake Melville a couple of times, and can support Mr. Young in his claim that the area is "the garden of Labrador." Although Goose Bay Airport lies just to the west of the Lake, we have still to hear of many tourists "flying there for week-ends, along with thousands of other North American vacationists."

"The London Letter" discussed the advisability of changing Armistice Day to a month that is not so bleak as November. Apparently, at that time at least, members of the British Legion (who were nearly all veterans of World War I) were against this, and we presume that the Canadian Legion was too. Although the name has now been changed to "Remembrance Day," and the dead of both World Wars are honored on it, we still persist in holding it on Nov. 11, a date that in most of Canada is not suited to outdoor services of any kind.

In 1945 they sold men's shirts from under the counter, and if you were in possession of an armed forces discharge you might be able to pick one up here and there. Under "The Dressing Table" this shirt and tie bootlegging was discussed, and a solution was given to the problem of what to buy a man for Christmas: it was toiletries. We smelled sweet in early 1946.

Another one of those beautifully conceived pieces of balderdash which brighten the women's pages greeted our eye under the title, "Charming, Tidy, Selfish? Bathroom More Accurate Than Horoscope." Under it the writer attempted to prove that the bathroom shows its owner's characteristics better than almost anything else short of a psycho-analysis.

She goes on to say: "Having been invited to a cocktail party given by a bachelor host, whom I had yet to meet, I somehow found myself ushered into his bathroom (?) instead of the drawing room. Sometimes this happens. Here it was easy to tabulate my host—a hypochondriac, of course. Neat little rows of bottles, pills, medicines . . . plus an electric bicycle with triple speed controls. . . ." (And we might ask, in passing, what the hell *that* was doing in the bathroom?) "Obviously my host would be meticulous, methodical to the point of fussiness—a man who never acted on impulse, made hasty or rash decisions—and who took fanatical care of himself."

Well, sister, you sure had that guy dead to rights. But your analysis showed us something about you, too: you're a snoop, and if you ever get into *our* bathroom, you'll be locked in for the night.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 9 WHOLE NO. 3161

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